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THE JERUSALEM
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MAGAZINE

Friday, March 11, 1983

Henrietta Szold



הנרייטה סולד

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May we show you a rustic villa at the greatest location: Neve Habaron, Zichron Yaacov

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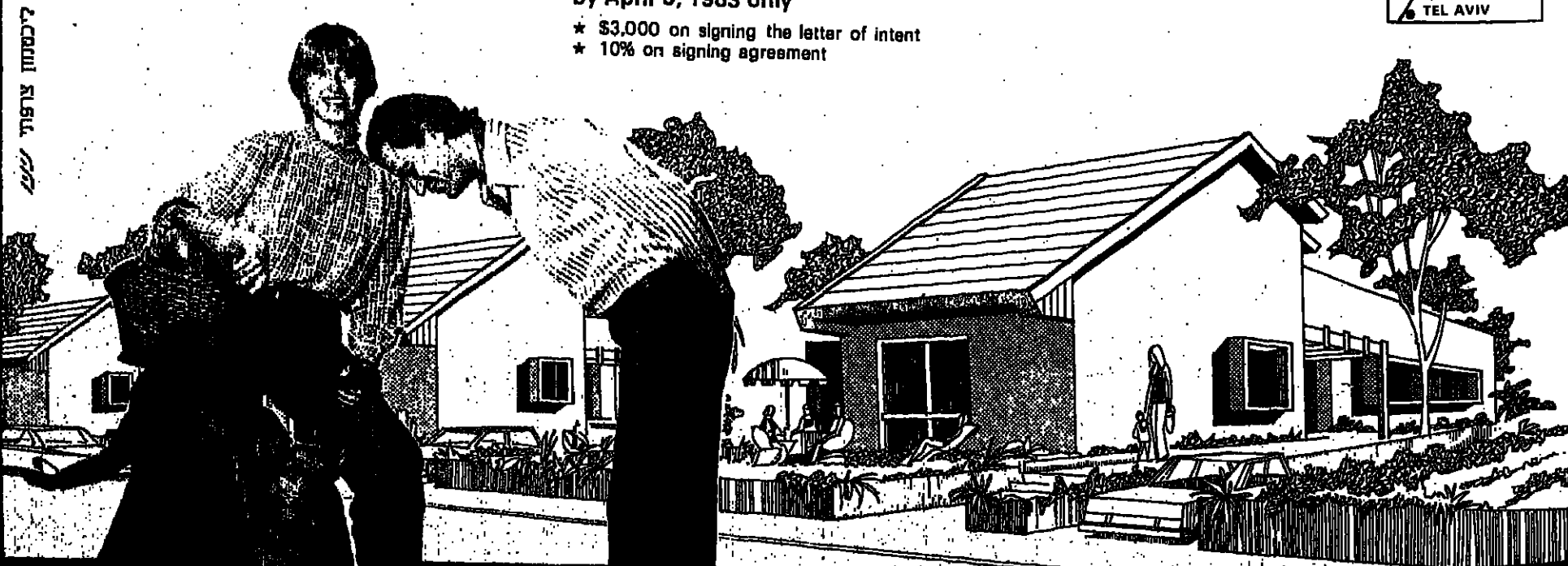
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Bring the Family to See the Neighbourhood

Bring the family; make a trip. Come and see Neve Habaron — you will all enjoy visiting this wonderful place. And it could be the start of a great new life.

See you at
Neve Habaron



In this issue

On the cover: Henrietta Szold in the early 1940s, photographed by Nahum (Tim) Gidal.

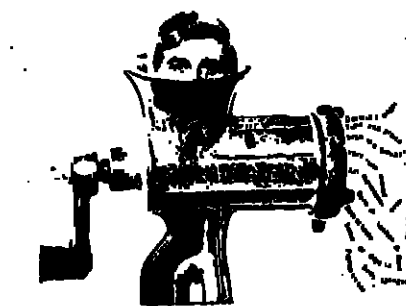
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Published by The Jerusalem Post. 304 pages, paperback, illustrated and indexed. IS 160



WITH PREJUDICE

By Alex Berlyne
Alex Berlyne's mind is either a fount of erudition or a rubbish dump, depending on your point of view. In the ten years "With Prejudice" has been appearing in *The Jerusalem Post*, the column has dealt with such abstruse topics as Anal (a language spoken in Burma and Manipur), the way Shakespeare's puns crop up in comic postcards four centuries later, and the age-old question of "Who is a Sioux?" With tongue planted firmly in cheek, Berlyne lovingly assails nearly every institution hallowed by man.
Published by Carta and The Jerusalem Post. 256 pages, hardcover, illustrated. IS 872

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By Lili Darvall
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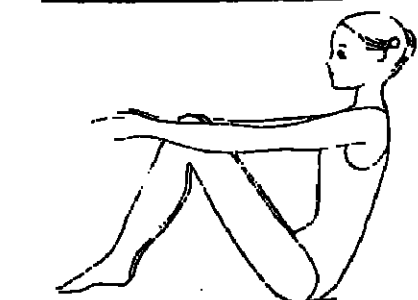
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Published by Carta and The Jerusalem Post. 256 pages, laminated hardcover, illustrated. IS 764



GROWING UP THIN

By Judie Oron
Do you think you're too fat? Too skinny? Too flat-chested? Too wide-hipped? *Growing Up Thin* can help you learn to cope with — even love — your body, including its "imperfections." The book includes excerpts from interviews with over 100 women who discuss how they feel about their bodies, and how these feelings affect their lives. Author Judie Oron offers a simple programme of diet and exercise to help fight physical "inflation" and break bad habits at any age. Ms. Oron's weekly "Figure it Out" column on this subject first appeared in *The Jerusalem Post* in 1976.
Published by Carta and The Jerusalem Post. 127 pages, laminated hardcover, illustrated. IS 464

CARTA'S GUIDE TO EGYPT

S. Ahituv and A. Israel, eds.
Planning a trip to Egypt? This book tells you where to go, what to see and what not to eat! Flight schedules to and from Ben-Gurion Airport, restaurant guide, historical background (including the history of Egypt's Jewish community). Helpful hints include: where to find a kosher restaurant in Cairo, how much bottled water to buy per day; how to read hieroglyphics; where to find a direct telephone line to Israel. The slim, easy-to-carry volume includes maps, drawings and colour photographs.
Published by Carta and The Jerusalem Post. 83 pages, paperback, illustrated. IS 241

AT THE beginning of the 19th century Jerusalem was little more than an overgrown village. Its population was around 9,000, only slightly larger than Acre, Gaza, Safed and Nablus of the time. Despite its formidable walls, large areas inside lay barren or in ruins. Like an ailing person who discovers his pants have become baggy, so Jerusalemites, inhabiting a space that once contained up to 100,000 people, rattled around within its expanses.

Moslems were the dominant population and they reinforced, both in concept and lifestyle, Jerusalem's village character. For them, the "city" was the site of religious prayer and study, as well as administration. Except for a larger and more concentrated population, no "urban lifestyle" distinguished townspeople from villagers. Had Jerusalem not already been there, and had Islam not encouraged prayer in a place with a mosque and permanent market, there would have been no reason for anyone to live there. The Holy City, despite its size and sanctity, contributed little that was necessary to the social or economic life of the countryside.

On the contrary, Moslem Jerusalemites fully participated in the life of the wider community outside the walls. All had relatives in the surrounding villages (some with family ties extending to Damascus and even Aleppo) with whom they visited and otherwise kept in touch. The relationship was symbiotic: rural Arabs would come to Jerusalem to sell their produce and pray. Jerusalemites fled to the villages in times of plague, famine or war. Even the urban elite, collectively called the *effendis*, represented branches of rural-based families. The Husseinis, for example, were allied to the powerful Yamani clan; its leader, Sheikh Othman Abu-Gosh, controlled the roads and villages in the entire area between Ramallah and Bethlehem.

The social structure of Jerusalem was also village-like — in fact, the various quarters, homogeneous, self-contained and self-sufficient, gave Jerusalem the character of a federation of autonomous villages bound together (more closely than any of them wanted) by the walls. To be sure, the diverse populations interacted with each other, especially in the public markets. But the insistence of each community — Moslem, Jewish and Christian — on conducting its own affairs and living according to its own traditions, made the emergence of a unified urban Jerusalem culture impossible. No organization cut across ethnic or religious lines, no class structure united members of different communities. As in traditional societies, groups were ranked (Moslems dominating, Jews and Christians following) and each one negotiated on a separate basis with the Turkish governor when the need arose.

The process of urbanization that was to transform Jerusalem from a village into a city began with the Egyptian conquest in 1831 and continued until the beginning of the 20th century. By then life in Jerusalem was qualitatively different than in the rural villages; the city had developed an economy and political institutions of its own. The walls had been breached by new neighbourhoods; technology was reducing inter-communal differences (if not dislikes) and residence on the basis of class was replacing homogeneous quarters.

Three essential changes altered traditional life in Jerusalem during the period of Egyptian rule (1831-1840): demographic, political and technological.

Evolution of a city

Jerusalem entered the 19th century as a township and emerged as an urban centre. JEFF HALPER tells how the city overtook the village.



The greatest demographic change occurred in the Jewish community. Up until the 1830s only a handful of Ashkenazi Jews had been able to live in Jerusalem (and then only if disguised as native Sephardim) because of a century-old debt owed by the followers of Judah He-Hasid to Moslem creditors, and passed down from generation to generation. Every Ashkenazi apprehended by the descendants of those creditors was held liable for money owned by a previous generation to whom he had no connection.

Hoping to win Jewish support and the blessings of the European powers, Mohammed Ali, the Egyptian ruler, cancelled the debt and permitted Ashkenazis to settle in Jerusalem. And none to soon, for in 1837 an earthquake virtually levelled Safed and heavily damaged Tiberias, making Jerusalem a welcome refuge for the Jewish victims. Moreover, the favourable attitude towards Jews encouraged immigration both from Europe and from North Africa. By 1840 the Jewish population of Jerusalem stood at about 5,000, double what it had been at the start of the century, and Jews became the largest local community.

IN THE political arena, too, momentous changes were about to take place. Openly courting the European powers, who since Napoleon's invasion of Palestine in 1799 had begun to recognize its strategic importance, Mohammed Ali allowed them to expand their political presence in the area, ostensibly to protect Christian interests. The first consulate to open in Jerusalem was the British, in 1838.

Finally, the decade of the 1830s witnessed a technological breakthrough of far-reaching consequences, the regular introduction of steamships, that cut sailing time from Europe to less than a month. This development made Jerusalem more accessible to the outside world, and heralded the introduction of a mail service, tourism, commerce and, a few years later, the telegraph. In order to take advantage of these opportunities to develop the colony and win the support of the people, as well as to consolidate his control, Mohammed Ali

(through his step-son and commander Ibrahim Pasha) secured the roads against brigands, thus improving communication between Jerusalem and the rest of the country.

All Mohammed Ali's efforts to consolidate his hold on Palestine came to naught. Seizing the opportunity to squeeze political and economic concessions from Turkey, the European powers forced the Turks to sign a series of Capitulations. In return, a naval force was despatched to the Mediterranean and the Egyptians were forced to retreat.

By the time the Turks returned in 1840, the situation in Jerusalem had been irrevocably altered. The protection enjoyed by European citizens under the Capitulations, which extended to Ashkenazi Jews and many Christians, considerably weakened the local Moslems' hold over the city. The Sultan in Istanbul was forced to issue proclamations guaranteeing equal rights to non-Moslems — although he too welcomed the opportunity to weaken the Moslems' religious establishment. Jerusalem came under more authoritative administration as a Pasha replaced the lower-ranking official that had represented the Ottoman government before the Egyptian conquest. Even a city council (*majlis*) was established, giving Jews and Christians official representation for the first time. A unified urban body politic was beginning to emerge.

The population continued to grow, from 15,000 in 1850 to 22,000 in 1870, reaching 55,000 by the start of the new century. With increased immigration plus European interference, Moslem power began to recede. From almost half the total population in 1800 their numbers fell to a third by mid-century; by 1900 they made up less than 20 per cent of the urban populace. Beginning with the permission granted by Mohammed Ali to build new burroughs and synagogues and continuing to the building of new quarters inside the walls and without, the traditional structure of Arab society was not able to contain the expansion and growing economic and political power of the non-Moslem majority.

The autocratic traditional struc-

ture of the Christian community also crumbled by mid-century. The Catholic Church, excluded but for its Franciscan custodians since the end of the Crusades, re-established its Patriarchate in Jerusalem in 1841 against the vigorous opposition of the Greek Orthodox, but backed by France. In that same year the Prussians and English jointly established a Protestant Bishopric despite opposition from the Catholics and the Greek Orthodox. Then, advancing its imperial designs under the cloak of religion, Russia took over as the "protector and patron" of the Greek Orthodox Church itself.

Religion, politics and economic development always went hand in hand in Jerusalem. The important visit of Kaiser Wilhelm in 1869, for example, was intended at one and the same time to cement Prussia's ties to Turkey while furthering the presence of Protestant Christianity in the Holy City. A more tangible result of his visit was the paving of the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem so that the German Emperor's carriage could pass. Although it remained more a trail than a road, the *de facto* opening of this vital artery for commerce and tourism dates from this time. Missionary activity among the Protestants prodded both Jews and Greek Orthodox to open schools, hospitals and other public facilities in self-defence, and spurred commercial development in the Jaffa Gate area.

The transformation from village to city was most evident, however, in the Jewish sector. Here, too, external influences complemented internal changes.

Under the protection conferred upon them by the various European consuls from the early 1840s, the Ashkenazis soon became the most dynamic element in the Jewish community, perhaps in the entire city. However, they still did not have the rights and formal status accorded to the Sephardim by the Turks (the right, for example, to elect the Chief Rabbi from among their ranks, or to legally buy and register lands.) By 1870 they had matched the Sephardis' in population, both communities numbering around 5,500.

In the 1880s the Jews became the majority in Jerusalem. The very

construction of the central Ashkenazi synagogues, the renewed *Hurva* and *Tiferet Israel* (Nissan Bak), whose bold domes made them among the most conspicuous buildings on the skyline, illustrate how secure the Ashkenazis felt.

Much of the impetus to embark on economic and institutional expansion came from outside forces. Philanthropists like Moses Montefiore, Baron Maurice de Hirsch and Baron Edmund de Rothschild became impatient with constant demands for *tsedaka*, charity. They demanded that the Jewish community move towards productivity, encouraging the process by establishing schools, hospitals, workshops and neighbourhoods, providing capital for development as well as for such traditional needs as synagogues and charities.

Just as Moslems and Christians with vested interests in the *status quo* opposed tampering with old forms of life, so too did most of the Ashkenazis. *Haskala*, the "enlightenment" that was bringing Jews in Europe to modern schools, to integrated housing and to political equality mixed with secularism, became for the Orthodox Ashkenazis the hidden threat behind any suggestion of change.

They well knew, even without the hindsight we enjoy today, that the traditional community structure and lifestyle was brittle, and could not withstand innovation. They fought back in two main ways: one by use of the *herem*, the ban of excommunication, which by cutting off an individual from his society and source of livelihood, functioned as a powerful deterrent to non-conformity — or failing to deter, would simply remove the offender from the community altogether, the other by closing themselves into homogeneous pockets like Mea Shearim, thus replicating a self-contained autonomous village in the midst of an evil city.

But in the end the true enemy to village life was found within. When the revered Vilna Gaon preached the rebuilding of Jerusalem, he was speaking from the depths of traditional Judaism, removed in time and place from mid-19th century Jerusalem itself. When his disciple Reb Yosef Rivlin sought to apply the Gaon's teachings in Jerusalem, he was cursed, beaten and banned by the Orthodox as an insane agent of *Haskala*.

Twenty years after the pariah Rivlin went to live alone outside the walls, however, 23 Jewish neighbourhoods dotted the once-barren hills. The very children of Rivlin's tormenters, the second-generation Orthodox *sabras* who, allied with the amenable Sephardim, sought modernity and a higher standard of living were the inhabitants. The leaders of the *Maskil* ("enlightened," progressive) community that only in the 1880s dared show themselves openly were, in fact, graduates of the city's main yeshiva, *Ets Haim*.

The lively commercial centre outside the Jaffa Gate at the end of the 19th century was a far cry from the markets in the Old City, where vegetables were sold in one area, leather in another; here stalls of Jews, there of Moslems. The Jaffa Gate centre, later expanding into Mamilla and down Jaffa Road, mixed shops and populations in a way villages refused to do; in addition, the increasing distance between home and place of work, and the separation of business, industry and residence, indicated the more

rational, planned and specialized land use patterns characteristic of cities.

Many other signs of a transformed social life caught the observant eye. Previously Jerusalem had no hotels, because traditional societies have no place in their social structure for the stranger. Occasional travellers were put up in hostels run by monasteries or invited into private homes. Moslems, Greeks and Russians alike exploited mass pilgrimages to increase their political presence in the town, partly because pilgrims "counted" as part of the local community; divisions between "tourists" and "natives" did not exist. Actual tourism brought in its wake social heterogeneity, and contributed to the emergence of a more tolerant, cosmopolitan society. In 1840 a Jewish convert to Christianity, John Meshulam, opened the first hotel in the Old City; by 1900, there were 16.

OF COURSE, by the turn of the century the gates were left open all night, since the walls had ceased to encompass the growing city. Indeed, walls, gates and garrison of Turkish soldiers — to enforce submission to Istanbul, to defend against attacks of Beduin and outlaws and to preserve the rigid religious hierarchy of the different communities — lost their essential purpose. Residents, much more often encountered policemen and civil courts assigned to deal with individual problems.

Finally, among many other signs, there was the emergence of an integrated neighbourhood in the area of Ethiopia and B'nei Brith Streets of today. Here, in contrast to previous quarters, class (in this case, upper-middle class) replaced ethnic or religious background as the determinant of who one's neighbours would be. Ashkenazi and Sephardi Jews, Orthodox and secular, Christian Arabs and Europeans, local Moslems — all lived in houses adjoining one another.

By the turn of the century the transformation from village to city had been largely completed. To be sure, small homogeneous quarters were still being built, especially by the Orthodox Jewish *kollelim*, but they were increasingly marginal to the mainstream urban life. After World War I such garden suburbs as Talpiot, Beit Hakerem, Rehavia, Bayit Vegan and Kiryat Moshe were planned and built by banks, workers' unions, the Histadrut and other organizations for prospective buyers.

While some were intended for religious residents or members of particular occupational groups, the dissociation of neighbourhood from community, presupposing the free movement of population throughout the city on the basis of personal preferences and market factors, marked a significant change from traditional quarters.

None the less, communal solidarity, religious identity and ethnic quarters were never completely eliminated as Jerusalem became a city. Despite political conflicts, Jerusalem of the Mandate period comprised a healthy mix of neighbourhood "village-ness" and urban integration.

The city had overtaken the village. In terms of the ability of the individual to choose his style of living and his neighbours, and to enjoy a higher life standard, all this was probably for the best. Still, looking over the dreary housing projects and massive new developments, one wonders if perhaps just a little too much of the village community has been lost. □

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THIS WEEK'S EVENTS
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March 12-17

NEW EXHIBITIONS (Opening, Tuesday, 15.3 at 7.00 p.m.)

NEW PAINTING FROM GERMANY

11 artists are represented in this exhibition. They are struggling with the problem of national identity (the split between East and West), with their country's history and with the problem of their national conscience. Their works are marked by the influence of the economic, social and political crises undergone by their country. The world outlook of the younger generation draws on the pop, Punk, and new wave culture. (See Guest Lecture) With the assistance of the Israel Phoenix Assurance Company Ltd.

NEW PAINTING

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Paintings by: Siegfried Anzinger, Luciano Castell, Bruce McLean, Mimmo Paladino.

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A Graphic Portfolio

CONTINUING EXHIBITIONS

HELMAR LERSKI: PHOTOGRAPHS 1910-1947

Over 160 photographs in this comprehensive exhibition of a forgotten photographer and cinematographer whose main works were done in Israel between the years 1932 and 1947. The exhibition focuses on two series of close-up portraits of "chancers" — photographs dramatically drenched in sunlight, collected by mirrors Exhibited in co-operation with the Folkwang Museum, Essen.

MICHAEL NA'AMAN 1975-1983 (see Helena RUBINSTEIN Pavilion)

GUEST LECTURES

ZEITEIST: A BASIC TURN IN THE PLASTIC ARTS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 80's

A slide-lecture in English by Christos M. Joachimidis (Berlin). In cooperation with the Gwinthe Institute. Wednesday, 18.3 at 8.30 p.m.

SEYMOUR CHWAST, One of today's major illustrators and graphic artists and a founder of the Push-Pin in New York. A slide-lecture in English. In cooperation with the Department of Graphic Design, Bezalel. Thursday, 17.3 at 4.30 p.m.

MUSIC ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK:

AN EVENING OF SONATAS, ZVI HAREL CELLO; MARINA BODERENKO, PIANO

Works by Beethoven, Hindemith, Mendelssohn. Saturday, 12.3 at 8.30 p.m.

THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA: ARNOLD SCHONBERG EVENING

Conductor: Mendi Rodan. Tuesday, 15.3 at 8.30 p.m.

NEW DIMENSIONS IN MUSIC, in cooperation with Kol Israel, "Exotic Music": exotic instruments, languages and sounds. Works by Theo Loevendief, Murray Schaffer, Minor Miki, Leon Schrollifsky, Mair Mindel and Joan Franks Williams. Conductor: Israel Erdoson, soloists: Sandra Johnson, Gilah Yaron, soprano: Emile Barendsen, mezzo-soprano: Alex Jacobowitz, marimba: Michael Meizer, recorder. Wednesday, 16.3 at 8.30 p.m.

CINEMA

Regularly: "Film of the Year" at the Tel Aviv Museum

THE TREE OF WOODEN CLOGS, (Italy, 3 hours, in colour, Italian with Hebrew and French subtitles). Ermanno Olmi's exemplary film in full version. The story of vassal families of peasants in Lombardy at the turn of the century against the background of political awakening. Daily 8.00 and 9.00 p.m.

On Monday, 14.3, and on Wednesday, 16.3, there will be no screenings at 8.00 p.m.

AFTERNOON ADVENTURE FOR CHILDREN (at 4.00 p.m.)

Gallery Games and workshop for kindergarten children (aged 4-6) accompanied by a parent. Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. For 1st-2nd graders on Monday.

All tickets for kindergarten children adventures for March, are sold-out! Few tickets are left for 1st-2nd graders, on sale in advance at the Museum box office. Visiting Hours: Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; 7-10 p.m.; Sun.-Thu. 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday closed.

Box office: Sun.-Thu. 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Sat. 7-10 p.m. Art Library: Sun., Mon., Wed. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Tue., Thu. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-8 p.m.; Circulating Exhibits (Loan) Sun.-Thu. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Tue. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-7 p.m.; Graphics Study Room: Mon., Tue., Wed. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. or appointment in advance. Information desk and box office Tel. 281287.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION

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NEW EXHIBITION

MICHAEL NA'AMAN, 1975-1983.

The first Museum one-man show of one of the young Israeli artists who represented Israel at the 1982 Venice Biennale.

Gallery Talk (in Hebrew) at the exhibition, Tuesday, 15.3, at 8.00 p.m.

Guided Tours and workshops for students. Classes and groups will be able to visit the exhibition and work in a drawing workshop.

Miniature Rooms. Guidance and workshop by appointment in advance at the Pavilion office.

Visiting hours: Sunday-Thursday 9.00 a.m.-1.00 p.m.; 5.00-9.00 p.m.; Saturday 10.00 a.m.-2.00 p.m. Friday closed.

bank leumi בנק לאומי

Handwritten note: "האם זה לא היה?"

WHEN Viva Sivan got married in England at the age of 20, she was perfectly happy to stay at home and raise a family, just as her mother had done and as was expected of nice Anglo-Jewish girls at the time.

Today, she and her husband Gabriel have four children, but Viva is also a lawyer with her own firm and the first religious woman to serve on the Jerusalem Municipal Council. And her example has prompted the National Religious Party, which she left in disenchantment, to decide to put women in "realistic" slots on its election lists, so that it won't lose the votes of other religious women to another party.

Balancing a career and a family is a difficult juggling act for any Israeli woman; it is even more so for a religious woman who is raised with the idea that husband and children are one's top priority. But Viva has a tolerant and flexible husband, and their independent and rather precocious children feel almost as comfortable in her Rehavia law office as in their Bayit Vegan flat, where she manages to do her own cleaning and cooking, with a certain amount of help from the family. Even the boys have learned to bake a cake for Shabbat.

Viva was born in Liverpool in 1946 to a religious Zionist family. Although she was sent to secular schools, her father, who was in the jewelry business, taught her Hebrew and Bible at home, and imbued her with the importance of living in Israel. "We always had five-year plans for moving to Israel. Since I was a child, I knew I would settle there," says Sivan, who dresses casually but modestly, and covers her hair with a wig. She was also active in B'nai Akiva.

She wanted to go to Oxford or Cambridge when she left school, but her father was opposed to her leaving home. So she went to Liverpool University instead. There she chose to study law.

"I had no attraction to it," she confesses, "but I picked it because the law courses involved the fewest hours in class. I had really been interested in social work, but that required going to work at a factory for a year."

During her three years at college, she was one of the few women — or Jews — in the law faculty, and she was regarded snobbish by her peers because she didn't want to get involved with them socially. She set up a Jewish kosher canteen at the university after the Jewish community centre claimed such a thing was not viable. "I bought pots and pans and food, and many students — even those who didn't keep kosher — ate there, because it was a good place to meet other Jews. Later the community centre took it over."

SHE MET her husband, a Londoner, when he came to speak to Jewish students at the university. She graduated with first-class honours, and they married in November 1966. They arrived in Israel the following March, in the tension-filled pre-Six Day War period when "everyone seemed to be leaving." But they were encouraged by the example of Viva's grandmother who, deaf and a widow, had a dream that she must die in Israel, and went on aliyah, selling her house and leaving all her family behind. She is now nearly 90, and says her granddaughter, "her years in Israel have been the best in her life."

Viva didn't believe in nursemaids, and as Gabriel worked as an editor for the *Encyclopedia Judaica*, she stayed at home with the first three

Vital Viva

Just staying at home and minding her four children was not Viva Sivan's cup of tea. So she branched out into real estate, law and politics, to become the first religious woman on the Jerusalem Municipal Council. JUDY SIEGEL-ITZKOVICH reports.



(Kartinsky)

children — Pinhas (now 15), Arye (13), and Bezalel (11). "I was very happy at home, and I felt sorry for the women in the building who had to go out to work."

Things changed when Gabriel got an offer to serve as a cantor for the High Holydays in England, and Viva wanted to raise enough money to accompany him.

After trying to let their apartment, she realized that there was a need for real estate agents to help Diaspora Jews rent flats in Jerusalem. Without any previous experience, she opened up such a business in her home, and even hired an agent to help. She also wanted to work so that her husband could finish his doctorate on the French Renaissance period. A Jerusalem firm, Matchmakers, offered her a real estate agent's job, and she accepted it. "I was walking on air. We could afford to hire a cleaning woman and cook, and when I went home, everything was ready."

But when Pinhas developed a medical problem, the doctor revealed that it was psychosomatic and due to his unhappiness with her absences from home. Viva fired the cleaning woman and cut her working hours so she that she could be home to give him lunch. Soon after, she reopened her own real estate office at home.

When her husband was offered an emissary's job by the South African Zionist Federation, she reconciled herself to the fact that she would have to start all over again when they returned from Johannesburg.

"You have to get your priorities right," she says. "I'm not a women's lib person. I believe that men and women are equal in potential. On the other hand, women are biologically different, and it is mainly their job to bring up children."

In South Africa, she devised Jewish educational programmes for Jewish children in secular schools, and worked for the Jewish National Fund. She also gave birth to their daughter Shira, who is now seven years old.

RETURNING to Jerusalem and starting from scratch was "very tough." Her husband found it hard to get a job, so she decided to work — not at real estate, but with Eimuna, the National Religious Party's women's organization. The women at that time were interested in running their own list for the Knesset, since the men in the party were eager to keep as much power as they could for themselves, says Sivan. In the end, a deal was made whereby the women were given a token 10 per cent of the slots. But they were not higher than number 10, and therefore had little chance of getting a seat.

She was also turned off by the "absolute lack of democracy in the NRP. They made a big fuss about having campaigns for new members and internal elections. There were fliers inviting would-be members to sign up at any United Mizrahi Bank. But none of the bank branches ever had the forms." She also claims that one NRP faction "paid" in one cheque for 500 new members, an act aimed at consolidating its own supporters. "I suppose this happens in all parties, but I'm not willing to accept it."

So disillusioned was Sivan by the NRP that she went to work for *Tnuat Dati Yerushalayim*, the Jerusalem Religious Movement, known as Tadir, a group of NRP dropouts and religious independents who were upset by the scarcity of synagogues and other religious facilities in the capital, especially in the newer neighbourhoods.

She was assigned to organizing the campaign for the municipal elections which were to be held in November 1978. In the course of her work she was surprised at the amount of feeling there was against the NRP, among the religious elements she encountered.

"People said that the party leaders were interested only in keeping their seats in the cabinet and the Knesset, and had done nothing to establish a social framework. They complained about the low standard of NRP people in power. I'm not sure all the criticisms are justified," says Sivan. "But the results of the municipal elections spoke for themselves."

For in the elections, Tadir won two seats to the NRP's three. Its two representatives on the city council were jewelry manufacturer Eitan Ben-David and engineer David Zucker. Viva Sivan was number three on the Tadir list.

AFTER THE elections, Viva decided to return to her law books. "I was very upset when people I met during the campaign asked what I do, and turned up their noses when I said I was the mother of four. So I decided that I should have a profession."

Although her Hebrew was good, having been away from law for so many years made studying for the exams difficult. "I couldn't tell the difference between a breach of contract case and a torts case," she recalls with amusement. But she passed the exams, and went to look for a firm that would take her on for the required two years as an articled clerk.

"Everywhere I went, I was asked if I was married and how many children I had. When I said 'four,' interest in me invariably dissolved. The attitude was that if you had four kids, you couldn't take your work seriously. I was so desperate that I called every lawyer listed in the Yellow Pages."

She finally got a job with "a marvellous firm" — Yosef Richter. "I worked twice as hard as anyone else, to prove that I could do it. And I learned a great deal." When she finished her clerkship, Richter told her she was "the best law clerk I've ever had."

After finishing her clerkship, she decided that it would be easier to be in control of her own time if she opened her own law office rather than work for someone else. "I rented a place and hung up my sign."

Although lawyers are not permitted to advertise, she quickly acquired a clientele by word of mouth. Many of those who came to her were English-speaking immigrants; others were ultra-Orthodox rabbis, who surprised her by coming to a woman for advice. She deals only with civil cases, not with criminal or divorce matters. "I identify very closely with people and their problems," she admits. "So dealing with emotional things like divorce would be a problem."

THEN, less than a year after she set up her office, David Zucker decided that four years on the city council was enough, and resigned. Sivan was next on the Tadir list. After much hesitation, she agreed to serve, and three months ago, in December, she became the first religious woman on the city council, inheriting Zucker's seat on the district planning commission. "I didn't know anything about how the city was run," she admits, "but she is learning fast."

Recalling her first meeting, Sivan complains that Mayor Teddy Kollek was "so uncouth. And you can quote me; I'm not afraid of anybody. I had thought that when a new member joined the council, he would be welcomed and invited to say a few words. But Teddy just said: 'This is Viva Sivan, representing Tadir,' and immediately went on to shout at the Likud leader and bang on the table. My children were there to see me on my first day, and they were disgusted."

She also complains that the mayor "claims to have built over a hundred synagogues in the city, but he hasn't — with the exception of the Jewish Quarter synagogues, which are really tourist attractions. He does a lot for the city, but he gets money for synagogues from the Jerusalem Foundation, which he heads as mayor of Jerusalem."

Sources close to the mayor claim that Tadir has "done nothing" since its representatives were elected to the council, and that they are "very aggressive, thus taking away any of the mayor's desire to deal with religious issues."

Sivan admits that Tadir has not done enough. "But we're not in the coalition and we don't have money to build synagogues. Eitan Ben-David works very hard at meetings. And because of Tadir's intervention, Religious Affairs Minister Yosef Burg was forced to reactivate the Jerusalem Religious Council, which is responsible for providing religious services."

She adds that Ben-David "shies away from publicity. I told him that if the press doesn't print what we do, the voters will think we've done nothing." But she was unhappy with Tadir's reluctance to establish a cultural and social organization as a backup for the political organization.

A SUPPORTER of Rabbi Haim Druckman, Sivan has helped establish Matzad (*Mifkad Tzoni Dati*) to promote his views on Eretz Yisrael, and hopes that the movement will merge with Tadir to form an alternative to the NRP. Matzad, she says, wants many Sephardim to join.

Discussing national politics, Sivan says she was disappointed recently with Education Minister Ze'evulun Hammer's "reservations" about the fight for unlimited settlement in the territories. She also believes that the NRP has surrendered its mission to further religious matters to the more extreme Agudat Yisrael. "The NRP suffers from lack of principles. If Labour were able to form a government, the party would flirt with them at the drop of a hat."

She is as distressed as ever by the NRP's "disgraceful attitude towards women. They're looking over their shoulder at the Aguda, which never allows women to participate in its political affairs. Perhaps it just comes from the NRP leadership's desire not to give up their power to anybody."

Has Sivan herself any ambitions to get into the Knesset if there is ever a Matzad-Tadir list? She doesn't rule out the possibility. "Once you get into politics it's like a drug," she says.

She believes that Western *olim* have by now become more assertive in Israeli society, and have developed enough self-confidence to make their voices heard.

"We have a lot to give to Israeli society," she says. But political activity consumes a great deal of time, and she feels torn between conflicting wishes.

"It's difficult to cut down. Sometimes it's a matter of all or nothing."

KEGLEVICH KOL HA'CAVOD!

New from Keglevich - Cola Cocktail

Wimmer-Jacobson/Tamir Adv.

ה'תש"ל כ"ב



Henrietta Szold dances with Youth Aliya wards at Kfar Hanoar Hadati. At her side is Emma Ehrlich, her secretary.

Travels with Henrietta

No part of Henrietta Szold's full life was as painstakingly documented as her last years, much of which were spent in close proximity to photojournalist Nahum (Tim) Gidal. Gidal describes Miss Szold's last mission, in the 1940s, to The Jerusalem Post's D'VORA BEN SHAUL.

PEOPLE WHO become legends in their own lifetime often seem to get lost under the weight of their public image. For many people Henrietta Szold, founder of Hadassah and the power behind the massive rescue missions of Youth Aliya, was such a person.

But Nahum (Tim) Gidal, her photographer and friend, who travelled thousands of miles with her, and took close to 4,000 photographs of her and her missions, remembers the woman, not the image.

Gidal first met her when she was already 75 years old. It was two years after she had taken the reins of Youth Aliya, which was first conceived and founded by Recha Freier, and 25 years after she had founded Hadassah. Gidal, who was from Munich, went to the Zionist Congress in Lucerne in 1935 to photograph it and to see what was happening. A year later he came to Israel and started to work with Youth Aliya. For the next ten years he was a constant companion to Henrietta Szold and her two assis-



Meeting with Wendell Wilkie, at her study in Rehavia, after Wilkie lost to FDR in 1940.



(Above) With Hans Beyt at Ma'ale Hahamisha. (Below) With Recha Freier and her Beyt, during celebration of her 80th birthday. Freier arrived in country few months before.



(Below) Henrietta Szold is greeted by settlers at Hanita during visit in early 1940s.



PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BANZI IS DEAD — A Khan Theatre production by Ahol Fugard. Directed by Vladimir Mironov with Shabtai Kanorty and Avinoam Nur Chaim. (Khan Theatre, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

BLOW THEM UP — A Khan Theatre production. (Khan, Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

BRURIA — Gabriella Lev and Ruth Wilder in a controversial, contemporary presentation by Alisa Elian-Israeli of the life of a dramatic, passionate woman, based on the original Talmudic and Midrashic sources. Directed by Joyce Miller. (Khan, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE CONFESSION — By Dostoevsky. Hebrew translation by Dr. Sonia Soler and M. Kalif. Directed by Pinna Porter and M. Kalif. (Purgod Theatre, 94 Rehov Bezalet, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

GIMPLE TAM — Khan Theatre production, musical comedy based on the story by I. Bashevis Singer. (Gerard Behar Hall, Beit Haim, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

A JEWISH SOUL — By Yehoshua Sobol. Haifa Theatre production. Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday, (with English translation) Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m. Tuesday also at 4.30 p.m. (with English translation.)

THE WOOL STORY — Direction, Alina Abbel and Michael Schuster. (Karon Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BED KITCHEN, BED KITCHEN — Comedy for one actress with Dina Doron. Written by Daria Fe and France Rame, directed by Ilan Eidel and translated by Ada Ben Nahum. (Beit Hurofe, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV — By Dostoyevsky. Habimah production with Shlomo Bar Shavit. Alex Peleg, Israel Biderman, Shimon Cohen. The tense story of four brothers who become united after the murder of their father. (Habimah, Small Hall, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

CHILDREN OF THE CITY — By Dan Almagor. Musical based on the Yeminite community. (Beit Lessin, 34 Rehov Weizmann, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

ENCHANTED NIGHT — By Marozbek. Directed by Hadas Ofra. A Karon Theatre production. (Beit Lessin, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE FALL — By Albert Camus. Translated, adapted by and starring Niko Nili. (Jaffa, Hasmita, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

A FLEA IN HER EAR — Habimah production of Georges Feydeau's farce. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.)

ONE-TIME ACT — with Gidi Gov, Yoni Rechter, Shlomo Bar-Abba, Shlomo Yidov, Momi Moshonov. (Kiryal Haim, Beit Ha'am, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

THE MEGILLA — For details see Tel Aviv. (Holon, Rima, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

GOOD — By C.P. Taylor. Cameri production directed by Ilan Ronen. (Kfar Sava, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL BALLETT — In a Gala Performance. Introduction to Ballet Yampolsky/Czerny; Opus 35 Sperli/Shtokovich; Mendelssohn Concerto, Yampolsky/Mendels.

GREAT AND SMALL — Cameri production. Directed by Ilan Ronen. (Tzavta, 30 Rehov Ibn Givrol, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE IVAR CONNECTION — by Jonathan Gofen. Directed by Itzik Weingarten. (Beit Lessin, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

KING SOLOMON AND THE COBBLER — Israeli classical musical. (Heichal Hatarbut, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE LESSON — By Ionesco. Directed by Iamir Lederer. (Jaffa, Hasmita, 8 Mazal Dagim, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

LITTLE INVASIONS — Tragic-comedy based on the works by Vaclav Havel and Pavel Kohut. Translated and adapted by Niko Nili. (Jaffa, Hasmita, at 10.00 p.m. and Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE MEGILLA — A special production by the Yuval Theatre of the Yiddish Musical by Yitzik Manger. Hebrew by Haim Hefer, with Avramelo Mor, Susu Keshet, Sari Zuriel, Yankele Ben Sira, Onni Wihumski and Avi Dor. (Habimah, tomorrow and Thursday at 9.30 p.m. Beit Hahayal, Monday at 9.00 p.m.)

NOISES OFF — Three act comedy by Michael Frayn. Cameri Theatre production. Directed by Michael Gillespie. (Cameri, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE PACKERS — A light comedy by Haim Levi. A Cameri Theatre production. (Cameri, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

AMADEUS — By Peter Shaffer. Cameri Theatre production. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE ASSISTANT — Haifa Theatre production of Bernard Malamud's story. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE MEGILLA — For details see Tel Aviv. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other Towns

BED KITCHEN, BED KITCHEN — For details see Tel Aviv. (Ein Giv, tonight at 9.30 p.m. Dimona, tomorrow at 8.45 p.m. Atili, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOOD — By C.P. Taylor. Cameri production directed by Ilan Ronen. (Kfar Sava, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE MEGILLA — For details see Tel Aviv. (Holon, Rima, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

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THE MEGILLA — For details see Tel Aviv. (Holon, Rima, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)



Ellen Barkin and Daniel Stern star as husband and wife in "Diner", the comedy-drama directed by Barry Levinson.

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laronne Hotel, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.; King David Hotel, Sunday at 9.00 p.m.; Hilton, Little Theatre, Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hyman, Dawn Nadel, Isaac Weinstock, directed by Michael Schneider. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

CLASSICAL GUITAR — With Yoel Akiron. (Zorba the Buddha, 4 Yoel Salomon, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

DANI GUTTFRIED'S JAZZ QUARTET — Explanations in the basics of Jazz. (Israel Museum, Sunday at 4.00 p.m.)

FOLKSONG EYE — (Hans and Gretz, 44 Emek Refaim, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUITAR — Avner Strauss plays classical, jazz and flamenco pieces. (Zorba the Buddha, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

HANSA GROUP — Plays Punk rock. (Purgod Theatre, 94 Rehov Bezalet, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

JAM SESSION — (Hans and Gretz, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

JAZZ — Dan Mallow, piano; Saul Gladstone, trumpet; Eric Heller, bass. (Katy's Restaurant, 15 Rivlin, today from 2.00 to 5.00 p.m.)

JOE BLACK AND EDDIE GOLDFINE — Perform. (Hans and Gretz, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

RUTH TOFFLER — Performs. (Hans and Gretz, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

YERUSHALMI — A new Latin Jewish Rock Group. (Israel Centre, 10, Rehov Straus, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE — Pop musical in English based on the Book of Ruth. (Hilton, Little Theatre, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

AGURA GROUP — Performs Latin-American and Jazz — Rock music. (Moudon Shabul, Dizengoff Center, tomorrow.)

ARIEL ZILBER — And his Group. (Moudon Shabul, tonight)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Details as for Jerusalem. (Hilton, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

COUNTRY MUSIC — With the Hillbillies. (Moudon Shabul, Tuesday)

DANI LETANY — And his group in "Warm Relations". (Beit Lessin, 4 Rehov Weizmann, tomorrow at 10.00 p.m.)

DANNY SANDERSON — In his programme "The Usual Sus". (Tzavta, 30 Rehov Givrol, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

FOLK DANCE MARATHON — Dancing and singing with Fite Netzer, organized by Moshik and the Tel Aviv University, Sport, Culture and Recreation Club. (Tel Aviv University, Little Sports Hall, tonight from 9.30 p.m. until the early hours; tomorrow from 10.00 a.m. until 2.00 p.m.; and from 8.00 p.m. until midnight.)

HUMOUR IN MUSIC — Mordechai Ben-Shahar, and Esther Baumwoll present a humorous operatic dialogue. (Jaffa, Hasmita, 8 Mazal Dagim, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ EVENING — With Dani Gutfried and his friends. (Moudon Shabul, Monday at midnight)

JAZZ EVENING — Nigun Performers present an evening of Ragtime and Jazz-Rock. (Hasmita, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

JAZZ-ROCK EVENING — With the Metziot. (Moudon Shabul, Thursday at midnight)

MEL LEWIS AND THE BIG BAND — With singer Lynn Roberts in Present Day American Jazz. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow and Tuesday)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK — Evergreens from the Sixties with Sandra Johnson and Liz Hughes. (Beit Lessin, tonight at midnight)

THE PLAYFUL BUNNY — Lively entertainment with Chana Lado. (Astoria Hotel, Monday and Thursday at 8.00 p.m.)

ROCK'N ROLL — With Libby and the Flash. (Moudon Shabul, Wednesday at midnight)

SHLOMO ARTZI — Sings! (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 p.m. and midnight)

SOUTH AMERICAN STYLE CARNIVAL — Food and dancing. (Astoria Hotel, tomorrow at 8.00 p.m.)

TONIGHT SHOW — Presented by Barry Langford. Evening of international entertainment and interesting interviews. Special guest, Leonard Graves. (Hilton, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

TZAVTA CHOIR CLUB — Presents "The Song of Songs" with Rachel Cochavi-Leventer

and guests — The Troubadours and The Orish Choir, conducted by Lily Epstein — with audience participation. (Tzavta, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

Halfa

HANUCH ROSEN — Pantomime. (Beit Rothschild, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

MEL LEWIS AND THE BIG BAND — See Tel Aviv for details. (Auditorium, Wednesday)

Other Towns

APPLES OF GOLD — Eilat. (Moriah, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

APRYON BAR — Listen and dance to music on the piano. (Herzliya, Sharon Hotel, tomorrow night, Monday through Thursday at 9.00 p.m.)

APRYON BAR BAND — Music, dancing and drinks in a pleasant atmosphere. (Herzliya, Sharon Hotel, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER — In Festival Hagashash. (Givatayim, Shavit, tonight at 10.00 p.m.; Petah Tikva, Heichal, Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.; Rehovot, Beit Ha'am, Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

SHALOM HANOCHI — Sings selections from his record albums. (Carmiel, Cultural Centre, tonight at 10.00 p.m.)

SHARON SUNDAY SINGLES NIGHT — A Disco evening for singles. (Herzliya, Sharon Hotel, Aprylon Bar, Sunday at 9.00 p.m.)

VOICES — Huva Alberstein accompanied by Menahem Vizanberg. (Katzrin, Beit Hatarbut, Monday at 9.00 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2.00 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

AFTERNOON ADVENTURES FOR CHILDREN — For children aged 4-6 accompanied by an adult — Gallery games and workshops. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, Grades 1 and 2, Monday)

THE HAPPY HOUR — Shai Schwartz presents Clowning and Pantomime with audience participation. (Jaffa, Hasmita, 8 Mazal Dagim, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

(Continued on page C)

Jerusalem Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ONJO

In Jerusalem Cinema
Houses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
Fri, March 11 at 2.30
The Way of the Dragon
A Bridge Too Far
Sun. March 12
Anne Hall 7
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest 9
Sun. March 13
The Way of the Dragon 7
A Bridge Too Far 9.15
Mon. March 14
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest 7
Anne Hall 9.15
Tue. March 15
Up in the Smoke 6.45
Reds 8.30
Wed. March 16
Up in the Smoke 6.45
Reds 8.30
Thur. March 17
Gallipoli 7, 9.15

EDEN

2nd week
VICE SQUAD
4, 7, 9

EDISON

L'AS DES AS
• JEAN PAUL BELMONDO
4, 7, 9

HABIRAH

Weekdays 4:
E.T.
Weekdays 7, 9:
FIRST BLOOD

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Mon, Wed, Thur 3.30
ADVENTURES OF YODI BEAR
Tue. 6, 8.30
THE LAST PICTURE SHOW

KFIR

SIX WEEKS

MITCHELL

5th week
• RICHARD GERE
• DEBRA WINGER
IT'S LIFT UP
WHERE YOU BELONG
AN OFFICER AND
A GENTLEMAN
6.30, 9

ORGIL

Walt Disney's
JUNGLE BOOK
4, 6, 8

ORION

4th week
THE VERDICT
• PAUL NEWMAN
• CHARLOTTE RAMPLING
• JACK WARDEN
Directed by Sidney Lumet
Sat. 6.45, 9; Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

ORNA

Tel. 224733
RAISE THE
TITANIC
• ALEC GUINNESS
• RICHARD JORDAN
• ANNE ARCHER
Sundays 15.00 per ticket
4, 6.45, 9

RON

5th week
FROM MAO
TO MOZART
4, 7, 9

SEMADAR

RETURN OF
A SOLDIER
• JULIE CHRISTIE
• GLENDA JACKSON
• ANN MARGRET
• ALAN RAJES
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM

BINYENI HA'UMA
BEST LITTLE
WHOREHOUSE
IN TEXAS
7, 9

Tel Aviv Cinemas

ALLENBY
2nd week
Tonight at 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.45, 9.30

BOMBER

BEN YEHUDA
2nd week
Friday 10, Saturday 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

CINEMA ONE

THE BIGGEST
BATTLE
• HENRY FONDA
Tonight 10 only
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA TWO

Closed for renovations

DEKEL

4th week
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30
THE VERDICT
Nominated for
5 Academy awards
• CHARLOTTE RAMPLING
• JACK WARDEN
• JAMES NASON
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30

DRIVE-IN

Tonight 10, Sat. and weekdays
7.15, 9.30
PRIVATE
POPSICLE
Every night 12.15: SEX FILM

ESTHER

Tel. 223610
Israel Premiere
L'AS DES AS
• JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HOD

6th week
Tonight 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
FIRST BLOOD
• SYLVESTER STALLONE

INSTITUT FRANCAIS

111 Hayarkon St.
Sat. 8
Jean Marie Drot film

ARISTIDE CAULAUD

Tue. 7.30
LES FOURBERIES
DE SCAPIN
by Moliere

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

Advance ticket sales only at box
office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1

14th week
Friday night 9.45, 12.15
Saturday 11 a.m., 7, 9.30 p.m.
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

E.T.

THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL
A Steven Spielberg production

CHEN 2

2nd week
Walt Disney's
PINOCCHIO
Tonight 10, 12 midnight
Weekdays 4.30, 8.30

CHEN 3

2nd week
Tonight 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.15, 9.35
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.35

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24 hours
...to get
out of
town!

CLINT EASTWOOD

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CLINT EASTWOOD

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CLINT EASTWOOD

COOGAN'S BLUFF

CLINT EASTWOOD

COOGAN'S BLUFF

GORDON

83 Ben Yehuda Rd., Tel. 244373

5th MONTH

Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 7, 9.30

TEMPEST

• JOHN CASSAVETES
• GENA ROWLANDS
At 5 p.m.

VIVA ZAPATA

Special Screening
of movie nominated
for 11 Oscar, 1983
on Thur. at 4

GANDHI

LIMOR
Tonight 10, Sat. 6, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 8.30

REDS

• WARREN BEATTY
• JACK NICHOLSON
• DIANE KEATON
Today 2.30:
LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR
Sat. 11 a.m.: STAR TREK

MAXIM

8th week
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DON'T GIVE

A DAMN
ABOUT OFFICERS

MOGRABI

6th week
Today 10
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ONLY

2nd week
CARO PAPA
• VITTORIO GASSMAN
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS

Israel Premiere
GREGORY'S GIRL
Today 10 a.m., 12 noon
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN 4

2nd week
A HARD
DAY'S NIGHT
Tonight 10, 12.15; Sat. 7.20, 9.30
Weekdays 10.30 a.m., 1.30,
4.20, 7.30, 9.30

CHEN 5

2nd week
MISSING
Tonight 9.30; Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

GAT

5th week
Sat. 7, 9.30; Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

AN OFFICER

AND A
GENTLEMAN
It's lift up where you belong
• RICHARD GERE
• DEBRA WINGER

LEV I

Dhargoff Center
4th week
FELLINI
Friday 10.00 p.m., Saturday 7.15,
9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEV II

Dhargoff Center
3rd week
NIGHT OF
SAN LORENZO
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

AMPHITHEATRE

2nd week
• BUD SPENCER
In a comic adventure
BOMBER

AMAMI

A Stanley Kubrick film
CLOCKWORK
ORANGE
• MALCOLM MCDOWELL
Sat. and weekdays 6.30, 9

SHAHAF

Israel Premiere
SIX WEEKS

ATZMON

6th week
FIRST BLOOD
4, 6.45, 9

CHEN

14th week
Steven Spielberg's
E.T.
4, 6.45, 9

GALOR

10, 2, 6
THE GUNS OF
NAVARONE
• GREGORY PECK
12, 4, 8
PINT OF FURY

STUDIO

Tel. 295817
2nd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LE TRIO

INFERNAL
• ROMY SCHNEIDER

TAMUZ

Tonight 10, 12
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

ORAH

4th week
• PAUL NEWMAN
• CHARLOTTE RAMPLING
• JACK WARDEN
In a powerful film directed by
Sidney Lumet

THE VERDICT

4, 6.30, 9

ORION

WHY WERE
YOU LATE?
6 nonstop prfs.
Adults only

ONLY

2nd week
MONTY
PYTHON
AND NOW
FOR SOMETHING
COMPLETELY
DIFFERENT
6.45, 9

PEER

5th week
Sat. 6.30, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

AN OFFICER

AND A
GENTLEMAN
• RICHARD GERE
• DEBRA WINGER
4, 6.30, 9

RON

MIDSUMMER
NIGHT SEX
COMEDY
• WOODY ALLEN
• MIA FARROW
4, 6.45, 9

SHAVIT

THE LONGING OF
VERONICA VOSS.
6.45, 9.15

RAMAT GAN

2nd week
Tonight at 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7.15, 9.30

BEST LITTLE

WHOREHOUSE
IN TEXAS
• DOLLY PARTON

ARMON

SEA WOLVES
• GREGORY PECK
• RUTH BROWN
4, 6.45, 9

ATZMON

6th week
FIRST BLOOD
4, 6.45, 9

CHEN

14th week
Steven Spielberg's
E.T.
4, 6.45, 9

GALOR

10, 2, 6
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NAVARONE
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MIDSUMMER
NIGHT SEX
COMEDY
• WOODY ALLEN
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4, 6.45, 9

SHAVIT

THE LONGING OF
VERONICA VOSS.
6.45, 9.15

RAMAT GAN

2nd week
Tonight at 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7.15, 9.30

BEST LITTLE

WHOREHOUSE
IN TEXAS
• DOLLY PARTON

KFAR HAMACCABIAH

Today 2.30; Sat. 5.15, 7.15, 9.15
Sun. Mon. 7.15, 9.15

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

Tue., Wed., Thur. 7.15, 9.15
A STAR IS BORN

LILY

2nd week
Tonight 10, Sat. and weekdays
7.15, 9.30
TARZOON

OASIS

3rd week
E.T.
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays
4, 7, 9.30

ORDEA

A POLICEWOMAN
CALLED LOUIS
• LOUIS DE FUNES
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT GAN

Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays
7.15, 9.30

"AUTHOR!

AUTHOR!"
• AL PACINO

HERZLIYA

Cinema

TIFERET

SILENT RAGE
• CHUCK NORRIS
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.15

NETANYA

Cinema

ESTHER

I LOVE YOU
Sat. 5, 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.15

HOLON

CINEMAS

MIGDAL

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30

THE MAN

WITH THE
DEADLY LENS

SAVOY

Tonight 10
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

THE WORLD

Spot to splurge

MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

CONSIDERED BY many to be the best restaurant in Israel, Jaffa's Alhambra is tucked away inconspicuously at 30 Sderot Yerushalayim, opposite what was once the Alhambra Theatre.

I'm a snob in reverse so it pleases me that this restaurant is located in a rather run-down area, removed from tarty Jaffa Port, and the instant glamour of North Tel Aviv. I even forgive the rather creaky stairway by which one climbs to the dining area.

The decor is also to my liking; it's elegant without ostentation. There are giant reproductions of tapestries on the walls. Two of the most exotic-looking waiters I have seen in Israel added a touch of glamour. One of them told us he was from Tunisia; he had decided to stay on after working here for the Club Méditerranée.

Perhaps because we hadn't had our dinner, my companion remarked, "He's so cute, I could eat him up." We chose our courses with the help of a capable young woman. It was only later we learned there is also a printed menu.

I had thought of beginning with goose liver, but it was pointed out that it might be better as a main course, as it was the specialty of the house. However, I chose shrimp thermidor — three giant shrimps, split in their shells and baked with cheese. They were delicious though I felt afterwards that this was not the ideal way to serve them. But I

have become so bored with the ubiquitous shrimp in butter and garlic that I welcomed any change.

MY COMPANION tried the calamari in a sauce provençal. This was tasty though far from exquisite. One had no driving desire to sop up every drop of sauce with the excellent crisp roll provided. During the first course I began to have my doubts about the reputation of this restaurant.

I was only reassured at this point by the wine, a bottle of Carmel Mizrahi Sauvignon '79, but far better than the usual wine with this label. I can only assume that someone has *protektin* at the winery.

But any doubts I may have had were quite resolved by the main course. It was two slices of grilled goose liver, served over a sublime cream sauce with mushrooms and slivers of almonds. The combination of flavours and textures was superlative. Here I put my roll to good use, and I wiped up every last drop of sauce.

Not was I any less impressed by my companion's sea bass in sorrel sauce. Sorrel is a clover-like herb, with a slightly lemony taste, and it grows wild anywhere in Israel when the soil is well-watered. The slightly sharp taste of the sauce blended perfectly with the fish. Moreover, a variation in texture was provided in the form of slivers of a crunchy vegetable (I think it was a Jerusalem



artichoke). Equally impressive were the *rishol*, a pancake-like creation of fried potatoes, and the simple but exquisite creamed spinach which accompanied the main courses. I welcomed also a salad composed of simple tender leaves of local lettuce with a slightly mustardy dressing. I was glad that the restaurant didn't

serve iceberg lettuce, which may be a bit nicer-looking but lacks flavour.

FOR DESSERT, I attempted to atone for my very rich meal with a cooked orange. The bitterness of the orange peel was just right after all the heavy food. And the orange sat in a pool of cream! My companion had a splendid, very thin

meringue with cream and praline. The espresso was excellent.

The bill came to IS2,619, admittedly quite a bit. But I have paid more elsewhere for very much inferior meals. If your uncle Seymour wants to take you out, and money is no object, then the Alhambra is one place where you won't find yourself apologizing for local restaurants.

No bleeps on Broza

ROCK, ETC. / Michal Yudelman

AFTER HEARING David Broza's sensual, romantic song "La Mujer Que Yo Quiero" ("The Woman with Me") for weeks on the radio, the wait is finally over. The new album, named after this beautiful song, has been released (CBS).

"The Woman with Me," written by Joan Manuel Serrat, is translated from Spanish by Yonathan Gelfen, as are all the album's songs but one. I don't know what "The Woman" sounds like in the original Spanish, but Broza's version is warm, intense and utterly irresistible. The other songs in the album, mostly love ballads but also livelier Mediterranean pieces, sound authentic and convincing in Hebrew, while retaining the flavour of Spanish bedroom intrigues, jealous husbands and so on.

"The Woman" is still my favourite, but the soulful ballads "Como Tu" ("Like You"), or "As You Are"), "In the Seville River" and "Tio Alberto" come close. The closing track is a delight in itself, written by Gelfen and Broza. It is a lovely, houncy, folksy combination of Hebrew and Spanish.

Broza will also be remembered as the singer who brought the "bleep" to Israeli radio. "The Woman with Me" was at first banned on all but the army radio station, because it contains the word "zayim" (fucks in free translation). "The woman with me — I've given them all up for her," sings Broza mournfully. Gali Zahal continued broadcasting the song several times a day, while Broza and Gelfen protested that English songs with four-letter words are broadcast all the time on Israeli radio, so why shouldn't their song be heard? Then one day the song was heard on Kol Yisrael's second programme with a "bleep" instead of the offending word. Not to worry: there are no bleeps on the album.

The jacket design is perfect for the album: the pale, love-lorn face of Broza is shown, eyelashes sadly downcast, lips faintly pink. The classical image of the pining, romantic lover. Broza is responsible for the musical arrangements together with Louis Lahav, who also



did the artistic arrangement. Background vocals by Miki Kam, Gai Yaffe and Anat Reken.

PAT BENATAR (could there be a Jewish background behind a name like that?) is a rising rock talent of

the hard-hitting, unrelenting kind. She has not been given much attention in Israel so far, but maybe her new album, *Get Nervous* (CBS) will change all that.

The one track here which is already being heard quite often on

the radio is "Shadows of the Night," a captivating number you might be familiar with if you heard Rachel Sweet's album *And Then He Kissed Me*, which was released locally several months ago. On Sweet's album, this song is designated as co-written by Sweet and D.L. Byron. But on Benatar's album Sweet's name does not appear, and Byron takes all the credit. Anyway, Sweet's version was superior, but her entire album of honest, basic hard rock was totally ignored on the local market. Luckily, singers do not depend on the Israeli market for their success or the scene would be a sorry one indeed.

Benatar's previous record, *Precious Time*, included the hit "Fire and Ice" which made a brief local splash. I recall. The new album leans a bit too much towards the commercial side, with the electronic backup mellowing and balancing (not for the better) her powerful voice. I prefer it hard and undiluted.

On the pop scene we have Cliff Richard's *Now You See Me Now You Don't*, full of love songs by this ageless teenage idol (who is in his 40's) and Michael Jackson's funkier *Thriller*, which includes the highly overrated hit "The Girl is Mine" with Paul McCartney. Both these albums (CBS) are polished, professional, beautifully produced and mediocre.

This Week in Israel-The leading Tourist Guide This Week in Israel-The leading

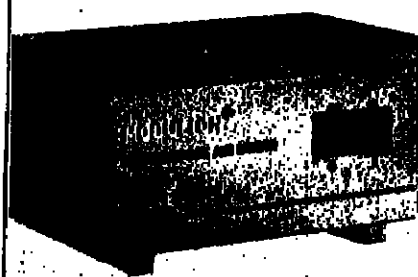
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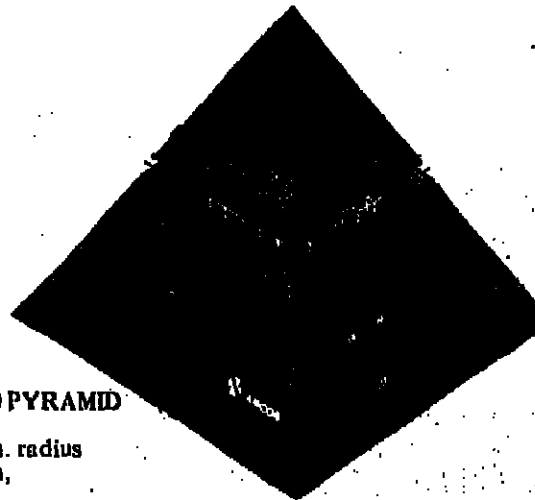
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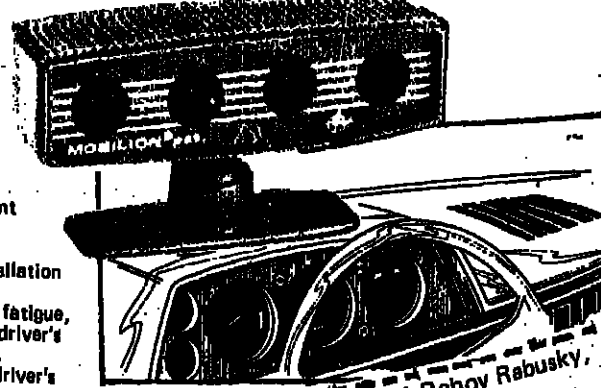


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Shoshana's outdoor terrace on second course offerings, such as pot roast or tongue cooked with plums. Fruit plays a large part in the menu; schnitzel with raisins, pineapple, apple and apricot. For those less enamored with fruit, a variety of vegetables, grilled meat or meat-filled blintzes are excellent choices.

Order the stuffed dates for dessert. They are filled with walnuts, then cooked and covered in a honey and nutmeg sauce — a veritable taste of the Garden of Eden. In addition, Shoshana caters for all occasions. For a truly memorable family or business event, call Shoshana. Shoshana's Restaurant and Deli-catessen, at 2 Moriah Street, is open Sunday to Thursday, noon to 10 pm. For reservations, call (02) 636084.

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this week in JERUSALEM

Courting success

CINEMA / Dan Fainaru

NOTHING IS more typical of Hollywood's David and Goliath syndrome than Sidney Lumet's *The Verdict*. Everyone who has ever rooted for the little man's struggle to overcome not only corruption, but the big machine defending it, is going to come up smiling from this film. No-one will mind that the proceedings depicted here are strictly fairy-tale stuff, a movie consolation for things you know are never going to happen in real life.

David Mamet's script, based on a novel by Barry Reed, milks the audience's sympathy for the underdog every inch of the way. First, it takes a long and laborious time establishing that it really deals with an underdog. Frank Galvin is a Boston lawyer who started out with all the requirements for a brilliant career, including a wife with highly-placed relatives who secured him a junior partnership in a big firm. But Mr. Galvin has one very serious shortcoming for a successful lawyer: he is basically honest. This unwise trait is his downfall, for he is rejected by wife, firm, and Boston law establishment. When we meet him first he is a drunken, one-case-a-year mouthpiece, with only one friend, his former tutor at the university who now and again throws something in his direction.

Such as, for instance, the malpractice case against Boston's Catholic hospital, accused of negligent treatment resulting in a young woman not only losing her baby while giving birth but suffering brain damage which has turned her into a vegetable.

Everything seems to be plain sailing. The hospital, the doctors involved and the church don't want a fuss and suggest a handsome settlement out of court. But trust Galvin to bungle even this simple job, for being the knight in shining armor who cannot stand injustice, he will not accept any settlement that does include the total unveiling of the truth. Which is the one thing that none of the plaintiffs can afford. They are therefore left with no alternative but a court battle, for which purpose they hire the services of the formidable Ed Concannon, the fiendish legal wizard with an office full of busy little helpers finding precedents, manipulating the media, using every subterfuge to win.

Misfortune after misfortune is piled on poor Galvin, but he refuses to capitulate, and finally, through the script's sheer willpower (for there is certainly nothing in the evidence or the presentation of the case, in court or warrant it), he manages a brilliant victory which leaves even the crooked judge speechless.

ALL THIS is not much above the average courtroom drama, and Barry Reed did not hide his disappointment at the film's missing the main point he was trying to make in his novel. This was that there is a conspiracy of silence in both the legal and medical brotherhoods which will bury any error under mountains of circumstantial evidence in order to save the career of a colleague. Instead, Mamet and director Lumet faced the story as a redemption tale of a broken-down character who lifts himself from defeat to success.

This is a much easier solution and

one with a much greater appeal to cinema audiences, who have always had a weakness for miracles. Especially when they happen to the blue-eyed, white-haired, slim and handsome Paul Newman, whose presence as Frank Galvin is a guarantee, from the very first moment, that nothing really bad can happen here.

Which should not detract from Newman's thespian qualities. Never has he made less use of his physical charms than he does here, and he is certainly a much better actor than he is given credit for. At 57, he is beginning to show some signs of wear; but frail, lonely and helpless as he may look at times, sympathy is so much on his side that no intelligent film producer would allow anything less than complete victory to crown his efforts.

Thanks to Sidney Lumet, who, whatever else his faults may be, is an excellent actor's director, there are some other remarkable performances here, such as James Mason playing the smooth villain Concannon, and Jack Warden as Galvin's past mentor and only friend, Charlotte Rampling, on the other hand, is given a thankless and entirely superfluous part, which the film, slightly over-long anyway, could have done without. But one can imagine some Hollywood mogul screaming that a real love scene is no movie at all.

From his own point of view, he may be right. After two other directors (Arthur Hiller and James Bridges) had been fired, and megastar (Robert Redford) by-passed, the movie is now a blockbuster, a contender for several Oscars and a crowd pleaser. So even if the critics are not all that happy, who cares? They don't buy tickets anyway.

TO WRAP UP the Berlin Festival, some leftovers.

First, the prizes. As usual, they had less to do with quality and much more with keeping as many participants as possible happy. The Golden Bear went to the Spanish *The Beehive* and the British *Ascendancy*, both unadventurous, rather traditional, polite statements concerning a particular moment in history.

The first follows the many characters gathered in a Madrid café during World War II. It is a static, wordy movie based on a famous novel but missing the elaboration of the written page. The second is set in Belfast, in 1920, while the wounds of World War I have not yet healed and the wounds of the civil war are already overlaying them. There are many well-intentioned hints of pain and despair here, but nothing new, either thematically or cinematographically.

For the Third World, there was a special jury prize which went quite deservedly to *A Season in Hakkari*, from Turkey. For the French, who were unusually cooperative this year, there was Eric Rohmer's directing prize, crowning his refined, subtle and intelligent *Pauline at the Beach*. The Americans had their share of the loot, when Bruce Dern was named best actor in *The Championship Season* - the least the festival could do for a movie which practically saved the event's

prestige after *Sophie's Choice* was pulled out of the programme at the last minute. And the Soviets couldn't complain either, for Yevgenya Goushenko, the leading actress in a harmless, cute comedy entitled *Love by Request* was rewarded with an acting prize she probably never dreamed of.

An Ethiopian director working in the U.S. imparted an eerie feeling of familiarity to an Israeli spectator with his *Ashes and Embers*. The movie deals with black veterans coming back from Vietnam, with their own terrible nightmares of the war, to face a social and political reality in which they feel rejected. At least two scenes in the film were absolutely stunning for us: in the first the veteran meets his grandmother, the perfect prototype of the Yiddish Mamma. In the second, he meets some of his "black brothers" who have stayed behind and finally explodes in face of their righteous, pompous, self-satisfied arguments.

Agonia, the mammoth Soviet portrayal of the Rasputin saga, which was left on the Russian shelves for several years, attracted full houses. They were full of admiration for the visual splendour and the power of certain sequences, but were rather disappointed not to find anything more subversive or original in the interpretation of the historical phenomena leading to the October Revolution.

Probably equally disappointed were those who expected a tourist's delight in Lisbon to be the core of Alain Tanner's *In the White City*, the tale of a Swiss sailor stranded in Portugal. This bizarre parable of voluntary Swiss immobility, or of the extreme loneliness of the old world facing the gate to the new world, featured what was considered the best male acting performance of the festival, that of Bruno Ganz. But the jury must have considered Ganz too confirmed a talent, or too often rewarded, to add one more prize to his roster.

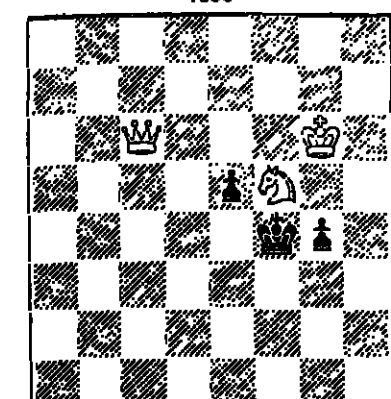
Incidentally, this was one of several multilingual movies in this festival which allowed characters to speak in their own mother tongue - English, French, German, Portuguese or whatever - something that cinema is, at long last, happily learning to cope with.

FINALLY, a Syrian movie, *The Incident of the Half Meter*, turned out to be a surprise item, a humorous, critical, lucid yet simple story about a young state employee, a sort of Mediterranean reflection of the typical Gogol hero. Author-director Samir Zikra places his story on the eve of the Six Day War, and leads his characters through a series of situations that give a very unflattering reflection of the Syrian middle class. In the office, nobody does any real work, and every inquiry is answered by "Come back in six days." As news of the situation on the border filters through, no one feels he is personally qualified to fight, but everyone agrees that that someone ought to do so. There is little expectation that Israel can be brought to its knees, but when the Damascus radio tells them that hundreds of Zionist airplanes have been brought down by the Arab pilots, everyone claps happily. When the truth finally is out, and no one can fathom what has really happened, the protagonist is shown in the last shot, walking home to the sound of a news bulletin blaring out of open windows. And as he enters his own flat, the announcer informs his audience that they have been listening to Kol Yisrael. Quite enlightening.

CHESS

Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3111
L. JOKISCH
1888



White mates in three (3-3)
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3109 (Hertzfeld). 1. Rg1! f2 2. Bg1! f2 3. Bx2 f3 4. Bc7x.

NATIONAL TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP
Y. AFEK H. SCHEINWALD
(Tel Aviv Youth Club 1)

(Rishon Lezion)
1.e4 c5 2.Nf3 d6 3.d4 c4 4.Nd4 Nf6 5.Nc3 e6 6.Bc4 a6 7.Bb3 Be7 8.Ba3 0-0 9.g4 Qa5 10.Qf3 Nc6 11.Nc6 b5 12.g5 Nd7 13.Rg1 d5 14.0-0 Rb8 15.Qh5 g6 16.Qh6 Re8 17.ed5 cd5 18.Rg3 Bf8 19.Qh4 Bg7

MUREY WINS CHAMPIONSHIP
IM YA'ACOV MUREY won the Israel Open Championship in Beersheva with a 7-8 score. Tied for second were deputy Israeli champion Alon Grinfeld, Michael Dicker and Yohanan Afek, with 6 points each. Tied for third were veteran IM Moshe Czerniak, Eliahu Shvidler, Yanko Koppel, Jorge Kueliar, Amatiya Avni and Boris Yartzev, with 5½ points each. Fifty-four players took part in the event.

RISHON LEZION HANUKKA FESTIVAL
R. SHABTAY M. KAGANOVSKY
1.e4 c5 2.Nf3 d6 3.d3 Nc6 4.g3 g6 5.Bg2 Bg7 6.0-0 e6 7.Nbd2 Nge7 8.Re1 0-0 9.Nf1 Rb8 10.c3 Qb6 11.Qe2 Ne5 12.Ne5 de5 13.Ba3 Qc7 14.b4 b6 15.b5 c5 16.Nd2 f5 17.f3 e4 18.Nc4 Ba6 19.Rab1 Rf8 20.Rb8 Rb8 21.Rc1 f4 22.Bf2 Bh6 23.g4 Bc4 24.de4 Qa5 25.e5 Qa3 26.Rc2 Rb1 27.Bf1 Bf8 28.Qc3 Kf7 29.Rd2 Rc1 30.Rd6 Qc3 31.Qe6 Kg7 32.Qf6. Black resigns.

ARGENTINIAN GRAND PRIX
BY WINNING a last-round game from GM Oscar Panno, young IM

Daniel Campora emerged the victor in the second Argentine Grand Prix. Final results: Camporeia, 8-9; Schwebel and Panzeri, 7½; Panno, R. Garcia, Borghi, Bruga, Morovic, R. Gonzales and Vives, 7 points each.

CAMPORA MOROVIC
1.e4 c5 2.Nf3 e6 3.d4 c4 4.Nd4 Nf6 5.Bd3 Nc6 6.Nc6 b6 7.0-0 d5 8.e5 Nd7 9.Bf4 Be7 10.Nd2 0-0 11.Re1 Ne5 12.Bh7 Kh7 13.Qh5 Kg8 14.Re3 f5 15.Rh3 Qe8 16.Qh7 Kf7 17.Rg3 Rg8 18.Bh6 Bf8 19.b4 Nb7 20.Nf3 Nd8 21.Nh4 Rb8 22.Ng6 Qd7 23.c3 Rb7 24.Bg5 a6 25.Nh4 Be7 26.Bh6 Qc7. Black resigns.

CAMPORA PANNO
1.e4 c5 2.Nf3 e6 3.d4 c4 4.Nd4 Nf6 5.Nc3 d6 6.g3 Nc6 7.Bg2 Bd7 8.0-0 Be7 9.a4 a6 10.Rc1 Rb8 11.Nc6 Bc5 12.a5 0-0 13.Be3 Nd7 14.Nd4 Ba4 15.Ra4 Qc7 16.c4 Ne5 17.Bf1 Bd8 18.f4 Nc6 19.b4 Qb8 20.Re2 Bf6 21.b5 Ne7 22.Rd2 a5 23.cb5 Bc3 24.Rd3 g6 25.a6 ba6 26.ba6 d5 27.a7 Qb2 28.ed5 Nd5 29.Rd5 ed5 30.Qd5 Ra8 31.Qa2 Qb7 32.Bg2 Qc7 33.Bf2 Be1 34.Bd4 Qd7 35.Ba8 Ra8 36.Qb3 Qc8 37.Qd5 Bd2 38.Qe5. Black resigns.

NEW YORK 1982
THE SWEDISH IM Christer Niklasson made a very strong comeback to the chess scene when he shared second prize in the Chess Centre Fall International in New York. The winner of the event was

IM Kudrin with a 8-11 score. Niklasson tied for second place with FM Shipman, half a point behind the winner.

FRUMKIN GOODMAN
1.Nc3 g6 2.e4 Bg7 3.d4 d6 4.Nf3 a6 5.Bc2 b5 6.0-0 Bb7 7.a3 Nd7 8.Re1 c5 9.d5 Ng6 10.Bf1 Nh6 11.a4 b4 12.Nb1 a5 13.c4 0-0 14.h3 e5 15.Je6 fe6 16.e5 Bf3 17.Qf3 Nfd7 18.Qg4 Ne5 19.Qe6 Kh8 20.Rd1 Rf6 21.Qe5 de5 22.Rd8 Rd8 23.Bg5 Rd1. White resigns.

BRILLIANT TOUCH
White - Kg1; Qe2; Rd1; Nf3; Pc4, d5, g2, h4. (8). Black - Kg8; Qb3; Ra6; Bf6; Pe4, b7, e6, e7, g6, h7. (10). Black to play.
1.-Qd1 2.Qd3 a3 3.d6 ed 4.Qe2 a2 5.Qe6 Kg7 6.Qd7 Kh6 7.Qf7 a1 Q 8.Kh2 Be5 9.g3 Qf1 10.Qf8 Kh5. White resigns. (Bischel-Lobron, Lucerne, 1982.)

MISSSED OPPORTUNITIES
White - Kg2; Qd5; Rc8; Bd3, Bg3; Pa3, b2. (7). Black - Kf6; Qe5; Rg4; Bd6; Pa6, b7, f2, g5, g7. (9).

White missed the winning line: 1.Rf8! Ke7 2.Qf7x. (Poljakov-Klimakov, USSR, 1982.)
NATIONAL TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP
KIRYAT SPRINZAK, a newcomer to first division, played a leading role in the second round of the National Team Championship. In

the meet with Hasharon/Herzliya Hapoel, Michael Marantz of Kiryat Sprinzak beat senior master Amikam Balshan to give his team the lead. The second point for Kiryat Sprinzak was achieved by Blaustein, who beat On, and the final result was 3½-2½.

The league champions, Beersheba, had to be satisfied with a draw against Tel Aviv University ASA. On the top board, Alon Grinfeld defeated Shimon Kagan; Lederman lost to Kraidman; Schwidler beat Avner; Gitterman went down to Stepak; Dicker beat Kador; and Koppel lost to Carmel. Rishon Lezion Feldklein, which suspended Natan Birnboim for one year, unexpectedly lost to Jerusalem ASA, 2½-3½, but on the top board Liberson beat Veinger.

Haifa Technion ASA beat Ramat Gan Hapoel 4-2, Bleiman defeating Murey on the first board. The Tel Aviv derby was won by Youth Centre II, which beat T.A. Youth Centre I 3½-2½. Veteran international master Moshe Czerniak beat Yohanan Afek on the first board.

ENDGAME FINESSE
White - Kh4; Be5; Pc3, f4, g4, h3. (6). Black - Kh7; Rg2; Pd5, e6, g6, h6. (6). Black to play.
1.-Re2 2.Bd4 c5! 3.f6 Rg2! 4.e6 g5 5.Kh5 Rh2, and Black won. (Engel - Hanson, West Germany, 1981/82).

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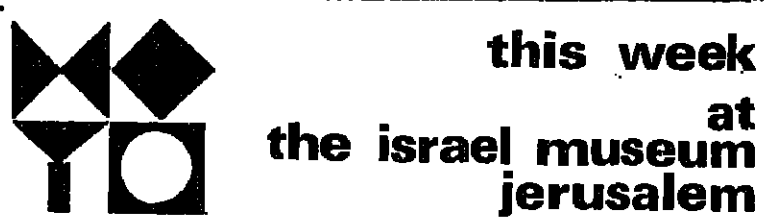
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MARCH 11-18
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Sat. at 7:30 pm: *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*
9:30 pm: *La Lutte Americaine*
Sun. at 7:30 pm: *From the Life of the Marionettes* Ingmar Bergman
Wed. at 7 pm: *Rogo Pug* Russelini, Pasolini, Godard
9:30 pm: *Parler Penchall* (Indlu)
Thurs. at 7 pm: *The Stranger* with Orson Welles
9:30 pm: *Le Lit*
midnight: *Tommy Ken Russell*
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The Art of Bezafel Teachers
Portables — an exhibition from the Museum's collections of archaeology, ethnography, Judaica, art & design
Primitive Art — from the Museum's collection
Letterheads by Pentagram — over 100 examples of personal and corporate letterheads by a leading British design group, 1956-1982
Kadesh Barnea — at the Rockefeller Museum
How to Look at a Painting — by courtesy of Marianna and Walter Griesmann, London, and Dubek Ltd.
Illuminated Haggadah of the 18th Century — by courtesy of Yonatan and Michael Floorzheim, From March 6.

SPECIAL EXHIBITS

Japanese Miniature Sculpture
Pilgrim Souvenir Objects and Christian Lamps
Clay Jug and Juglet
Seder Plate — Vienna, Austria, 1926

EVENTS

CHILDREN'S CONCERT
Sunday, March 13 at 18.00
DANNI GOTTFRIED'S JAZZ QUARTET
Explanations of the basics of jazz are accompanied by a demonstration and performance of some of the world's best known pieces and new compositions.

CHILDREN'S FILM

Mon., March 14; Wed., March 10; Thurs., March 17 at 15.30
"ADVENTURES OF YOGI BEAR" — cartoon

ETHNOGRAPHY SYMPOSIUM (IN ENGLISH)

Monday, March 14 at 20.30
ISRAELI ANTHROPOLOGY IN THE YEAR 2000 — A VIEW TO THE FUTURE. With Prof. Malford Spiro, University of California, San Diego; Prof. Victor Turner, University of Virginia.

CREATIVE THEATRE FOR CHILDREN

Tuesday, March 15 at 18.00
WORDS AND A PLAY
This event defines the relationship between literature and theatre. Under the direction of Dorit Rivlin (at the Youth Wing).

FILM

Tuesday, March 15 at 18.00 & 20.30
"THE LAST PICTURE SHOW" (U.S.A. 1971)
Dir. Peter Bogdanovich, with Timothy Bottoms, Sybil Shepherd.

LECTURE (IN ENGLISH)

Wednesday, March 16 at 20.30
EXPRESSIONISTIC ILLUSTRATED PERIODICALS IN ART AND LITERATURE. Paul Rabe, Director of "Herzog August Bibliothek", Wolfenbuttel (in co-operation with the Art History Dept., Hebrew University).

LECTURE (IN ENGLISH)

Thursday, March 17 at 20.30
"ZEITGEIST"
A basic turn in the plastic arts at the beginning of the 1980s. Prof. Christof M. Joachimidis, art critic and curator of the exhibition "New Spirit in Painting" London.

CONCERT

Saturday, March 19 at 20.30
"THE LONELY WOMAN" — music and theatre for soprano and piano. Robin Weiss Caputo, soprano; Ruth Menze, piano. Works by Gerstwin, Schubert, Sullivan, Poulenc.

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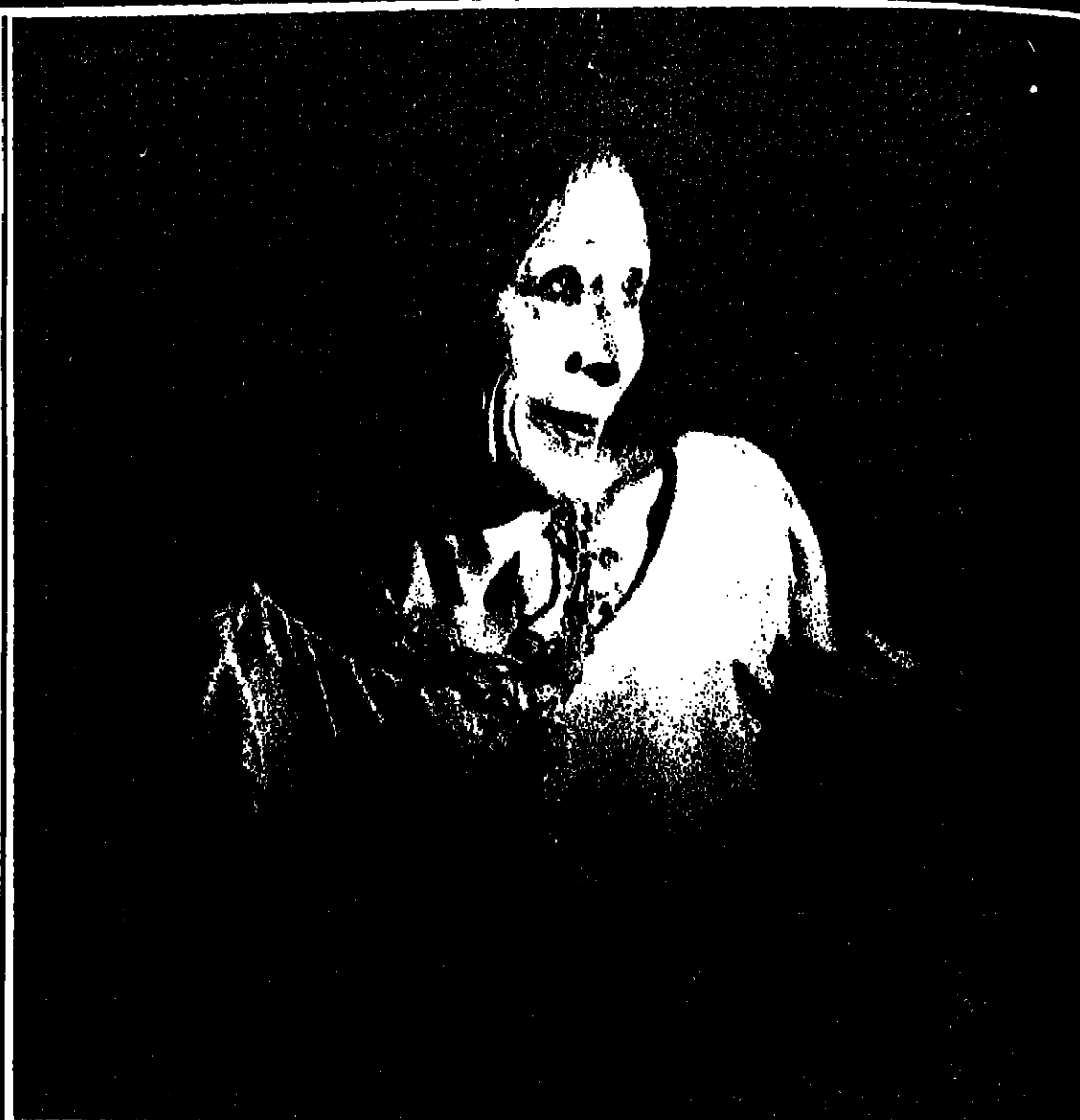
ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun.-Thurs. 10-17; Fri. & Sat. 10-14

LIBRARY: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10-17; Tues. 16-20

GRAPHICS STUDY ROOM: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-13; Tues. 16-20

TICKETS FOR SATURDAY: Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv — Rococo, Etzion, Le'an and Castel; Jerusalem — Klatim.

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL BANK



Monologues in movement

KAZUO OHNO moves on the stage like a slowly-changing painting, unfolding and composing emotions in the glare of a single spotlight from just below the front of the stage. His work combines the micro-movements of Japanese dance and perhaps the Onnagata tradition of Japanese theatre — men playing roles of women, down to the most subtle and exquisite gesture — with the music of Puccini or Bach, or the recorded sound of the sea, or silence.

He was on stage in Jerusalem, Haifa and Tel Aviv in the past two weeks, combining — he seems a master of mixture — his performances and a workshop for acting students with visits to the Christian holy sites.

The first two dances, or monologues in movement, were portrayals of women: "Admiring La Argentina" and "My Mother." Ohno, who is 77, presented them at La Mama in New York several years ago, and wrote a description of their genesis on that occasion. He first saw La Argentina, he says, "from the third balcony of the Imperial Theatre in Tokyo in 1928," and though he sought her long afterwards "she never showed up in front of me again, even though she was hiding deep within my soul."

He "found" her 48 years later, in a painting by Natsuyuki Nakanishi, who "had never seen La Argentina dance" and "probably never heard about her." Ohno's "Argentina" composition was born out of that encounter with his own memory.

CLOTHING — applied or removed — is part of his dance, and he seems to control the creases in a cloak or shawl as completely as he does his

CURTAIN CALL Marsha Pomerantz

own muscles and the thick white paint on his face. He uses a few other props as well: a long-stemmed artificial flower, for instance, which he can smell or try to pick petals from, or use to sweep the floor or tickle himself.

What he does demands almost excruciating concentration of the audience, and in the jammed auditorium at Bat Dor in Tel Aviv, enthusiasm, puzzlement and exhaustion were all in evidence.

There is humour in his work, but the question of when to laugh was one source of the audience's embarrassment. For his most obviously funny dance he was dressed in a white shirt and baggy black suit; his exaggerated gestures — exaggerated only in the context of what he'd done earlier — suggested a parody of Western movement.

His encore was particularly moving, and perhaps most revealing of himself. Over his "Western" suit he put on a bamboo-patterned robe which was always slipping off in carefully-controlled accidents, and which he sometimes wrapped around him instead of wearing. It seemed a perfect expression of the blend of East and West which must be the source of his pain and his power.

MUMMENSCHANZ, the Swiss group which combines movement, masks and objects in a very different way, is arriving this week for its second visit to Israel. The name comes from the German, combining games "or play" and chance. It

originally referred to the practice of using masks to hide facial expressions during games of chance in the Middle Ages.

The group describe some of what they do as "living sculpture," in which breathing bodies encased in cushions and foam give a special character to changing shapes.

I haven't seen them yet, and can't describe the fun of it, but was intrigued by the "Technical Requirement Sheet" they send ahead to the halls where they'll be performing. Instructions to the carpenter begin:

"The company does not carry any tusslers, tormentors or any other basic stage drapes. Each theatre must provide the necessary masking, i.e. black drapes... Upstage masking should be no wider than necessary to mask."

Then there is a section about props:

"The company requires from the sponsor upon arrival, for several masks used in the show: 1 pound of flour, 1 cup of sugar, 1/4 pound of butter (not margarine), 1 pint of whole milk (not half and half)." It promises to be a rich programme.

Members of the company coming to Israel are Lydia Biondi, who was born in Tuscany and has experience in classical dance, experimental theatre, mime, film and TV; Peter Gerber, from Zurich, who got an M.A. in geography before he went into mime and acrobatics; and Alejandro Moran, who was born in Mexico City, studied at the National Institute of Fine Arts there, and eventually went back to teach. Gerber studied corporeal mime with Etienne Decroux, and Moran studied with Jacques Lecoq. Which all adds at least another pin of cream.

A profane pace



ONE OF America's most gifted younger choreographers, Rodney Griffin, recently visited Israel and created a work for the Bat-Dor Dance Company. He chose as his subject *Jeremiah* and the music of Leonard Bernstein's first symphony, also called by that name. In one section a voice sings verses from *Lamentations*, traditionally attributed to Jeremiah.

As presented by Bat-Dor in its theatre in Tel Aviv on March 3, Griffin's work was divided into three "movements." In *Prophecy*, he focused on the solo of Sam McManus as the central figure among the people, the costuming indicating that some were from the royal court of Judah and Israel; they included those who "obeyed not nor inclined their ear." In *Profanation* with Miriam Paskalsky as the symbol of seduction, he created a scene of revelry by simple-subtle means — with terrific pace rather than extravagant abandon. On March 2, he gave second, third and fourth-year students the chance to choreograph mini-performances of their own devising. The results were most interesting where they kept most closely to his principles and did not push themselves beyond their capacities.

Heitz's methods are undoubtedly a valuable adjunct to dance, assisting fluency and flexibility, and promoting rhythmic sense and awareness of phrasing in movement. Whether the students moved in silence or to the tick of a metronome, or recited poems or sang songs, there was rationale in their scenarios. A combination of metronome and voice (speaking or singing) was an admirable development, making the beat less of an inexorable command and adding significance to the stretching, turning, rolling, bending, curving, spiralling and somersaulting. The group of five girls who sang while they maintained design, without stops or pauses but in continuous flow, were the best performers.

ALTHOUGH Timi Kedar wore no high Japanese black

DANCE Dora Sowden

cond only to Isaiah.

To that extent McManus did not realize the potential of the work, which is so cleverly suited to the music (among Bernstein's best) and is ingeniously built without mime or story line to convey the course of the *Jeremiad*, its denunciation of evil, its fearless predictions and devout faith.

Also on the programme were Matthew Diamond's *Twilight Concerto* (as buoyant as ever), Paul Taylor's *3 Epitaphs* (as droll as ever) and John Butler's *Ohello* (more stunning than ever).

AMOS HETZ, who is in charge of the movement section of the Rubin Academy Dance Department in Jerusalem, teaches methods based on Noa Eshkol's system, combining diagrams with diagrammatic moves in streamlined motion. On March 2, he gave second, third and fourth-year students the chance to choreograph mini-performances of their own devising. The results were most interesting where they kept most closely to his principles and did not push themselves beyond their capacities.

Heitz's methods are undoubtedly a valuable adjunct to dance, assisting fluency and flexibility, and promoting rhythmic sense and awareness of phrasing in movement. Whether the students moved in silence or to the tick of a metronome, or recited poems or sang songs, there was rationale in their scenarios. A combination of metronome and voice (speaking or singing) was an admirable development, making the beat less of an inexorable command and adding significance to the stretching, turning, rolling, bending, curving, spiralling and somersaulting. The group of five girls who sang while they maintained design, without stops or pauses but in continuous flow, were the best performers.

ALTHOUGH Timi Kedar wore no high Japanese black

wig (her own hair being clipped close to the skull) and used no traditional white-face-mask make-up, there were moments when she looked like something right out of a Japanese print. She was performing on March 1 in the small hall of the Binyanei Ha'uma; the evening was arranged by the Jerusalem branch of Lions International in aid of their charitable funds.

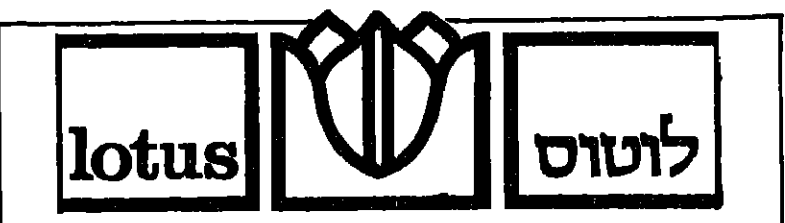
In front of a beautiful Japanese screen, her traditional movements from old-time Japanese classical dance never went beyond the limits of the small carpet, but never seemed limited. Gestures and the manipulation of a fan provided their own dynamics. Later, her dances were of her own choreography, based on Japanese techniques, to poems by Lea Goldberg and the Spanish poet Lorca. Two fine musicians — flautist Amir Sela and harpist Ruth Maayani — accompanied the dances and contributed other works separately and together. The poems were read, in Hebrew, by Orly Mora.

RINA SHAHAM is rehearsing a new programme which she plans to call *Jungles*. Some of the music is being composed by Daniel Swartzman, and three poems by Israeli poet Yehuda Amichai will also form part of the accompaniment. Dancers, besides Shaham, will include Sonja Rupit, Ellen Sue Swerdlow, Erez Levi and Amiel Malaleh.

NEWS FROM New York is that the Bolshoi Ballet dancers Leonid and Valentina Koslov, who escaped from the Soviet company during a tour of the United States in 1979, will join the New York City Ballet as principal dancers. They will begin rehearsing in March and will perform for the first time in April at the New York State Theatre in Lincoln Centre.

The Koslovs visited Israel some time ago and have since danced with outstanding success in Australia with the Australian Ballet. Recently they appeared in the pre-Broadway run of *On Your Toes* at the Kennedy Centre in Washington.

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1. "My Diary from the Kovno Ghetto", sixth lecture in the series in English "Was There - Eye Witnesses to Events in Modern Jewish History". Lecturer: Adv. Avraham Torg.
Tuesday, March 16, 1983, at 8.30 pm.
2. "The Meeting of the Volunteers from Eretz Israel with the Holocaust Survivors", an evening of interviews. Interviewer: Yaron London.
Wednesday, March 16, 1983, at 8.30 pm.

Jewish Cinematheque
Screening of the film "Jacob the Liar": Monday, March 14, 1983, at 8.30 pm; Tuesday, March 15, 1983, at 8.30 pm; Thursday, March 17, 1983, at 8.30 pm. The film is in German with English subtitles.
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AS THE SERIES of profiles on Israeli composers in this column is designed not in alphabetical order or according to the comparative importance of the subjects, but in connection with a special occasion - an anniversary or a prize or other honour - the choice this time falls on Josef Tal, the only Israeli recipient of this year's Wolf Foundation Prize.

The Wolf Foundation was created by Ricardo Wolf, who left his native Germany for Cuba before World War I and was appointed that country's ambassador to Israel in 1961, retiring in 1973 and settling in Israel until his death two years ago at the age of 93. A noted chemist and inventor, as well as a philanthropist, Dr. Wolf established the foundation in 1975 "to promote science and art for the benefit of mankind. Each year, six international awards are presented to outstanding personalities in the fields of physics, agriculture, chemistry, mathematics, medicine and the arts - the latter being allotted this year to music. In addition to the international prizes, the fund also awards scholarships and research grants to Israelis.

Tal will share the honour (and the financial award) with Vladimir Horowitz and Olivier Messiaen. Horowitz, 78, is honoured for his "outstanding contributions to the art of musical interpretation and especially his musicalization of pianism," as the press release describes his qualification. Messiaen, 74, is cited for "inspired and inspiring extension of our world of sound." Tal, 72, is described only as "one of Israel's foremost musicians."

JOSEF TAL, was born in 1910 near Poznan but was brought up in Berlin, where he also finished his studies. He came to this country in 1934 and joined Kibbutz Ashdot Ya'acov in the Jordan Valley. The kibbutz had no use for a pianist and a harpist, but the secretariat took care to assign him only to work that would not hurt his fingers.

In 1936 he joined the staff of the Palestine Conservatoire in Jerusalem, founded by Emil Hauser, to teach piano and composition. After the founding of the state, he directed the Israel Academy of Music in the capital for a number of years, and in 1951 also became a lecturer in music appreciation at the Hebrew University. In 1961 he founded the Centre for Electronic Music as an independent institution within the university, serving for some years also as chairman of its department of musicology.

A prolific composer, Tal quickly became known as one of the outstanding personalities in this field, and his many prizes and awards bear witness to the reputation he acquired in these years. Twice recipient of the Engel Prize (1949 and 1958), he won an award at the International Society of Contemporary Music Festival in Haifa in 1954, the Nissimov Prize in 1956 and, finally, the coveted Israel Prize in 1970. The following year, the Berlin Academy of Arts made him a member and in 1975 he was awarded the Arts Prize of the City of Berlin. In 1981, Tal was made an honorary member of the U.S. Academy of Arts and Letters.

"Many commissions over the years added valuable works to his ever-growing catalogue which includes several operas. The first of these was the highly dramatic *Sail at Eilat* in 1957. It was followed by *Aunon* and *Tamar* (1961); *Ashmedai*, commissioned by the

Non-conformist



MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

Hamburg Opera and premiered there in 1971; *Masada 967*, first performed at the Israel Festival in 1973; and *Die Versuchung* ("The Temptation"), written for the State Opera in Munich (1976).

Six piano concertos - three of them with magnetic tape - indicate his instrumental preference, but he has also written concertos for the cello, the flute and the viola. In 1971 he composed a concerto with magnetic tape for the famous harp virtuoso Nicanor Zabaleta, which was one of the main works performed at the last International Harp Contest in Jerusalem in 1982. Three symphonies, three string quartets, compositions for a variety of instruments and ensembles, cantatas and ballet music make up an oeuvre which attests to his importance as a composer.

THOUGH HE WAS the first Israeli composer to occupy himself with the new medium of electronics, using it widely in many of his compositions after 1961, Tal did not make it his exclusive means of expression. The same applies to the 12-note system with which he experimented, but which he did not accept as the one and only method of composing.

Although he chose many subjects from the Bible or Jewish history, he did not conform to the general trend in the early decades of Israeli composition which, trying to find a synthesis between Eastern and Western musical idioms and traditions, resulted in a hybrid called "Mediterranean style" which may prove to be short-lived. A ceaseless researcher and independent thinker, Tal chooses his own language and goes his lonely way, always open to new ideas and vistas. A pragmatist, he does not lose himself in impractical speculations; without compromising his art, he

tries to remain acceptable to the people at the receiving end. To the traditionally-conditioned listener, Tal's music may sound contemporary if not avant-garde; but his sincerity and his total commitment to his music convinces one that here is a composer of stature and value who has not earned his international reputation without reason. Congratulations to Josef Tal for winning the Wolf Foundation Prize.

PAUL SACHER, the guest conductor at next week's "Explorations" of the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, has probably done more for the creation of worthwhile music in the 20th century than anybody else. Since he first took up his baton in 1926, when he founded the Basle Chamber Orchestra, Sacher has initiated or premiered more than 80 works of importance. Three of these will form the programme to be played at Kibbutz Hazorea on March 16, and at the Jerusalem Theatre the following night. They are Stravinsky's *Concerto in D* for Strings (1946), Bartok's *Music for Strings*, Percussions and Celeste (1936), and the Honegger's Fourth Symphony (1946), all of which have become a part of the regular orchestral repertoire.

In 1933, Sacher founded the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis for research in and performance of early music on original instruments. This institute was amalgamated with the *Musikschule* and conservatoire to form the Basle Music Academy of which Sacher was the director until his retirement in 1969. He was also director for several years of the Swiss Composers' Association. The many medals and prizes awarded him during the last three decades reflect the international recognition Paul Sacher has received for his life's work.



Ducking for safety

BRIDGE/George Levinrew

WHEN WE REACH sound contracts, we must play them carefully, taking into account possible disastrous distributions. In today's deals, ducking for safety is essential.

Deal 1
Vul: Both

North(D)
♠ J53
♥ A Q 10 7 4 3
♦ J 4
♣ A 2

West
♠ Q 9 8 6 2
♥ 6 5
♦ 10 9 8 7 3
♣ 10

East
♠ 10 7
♥ J 9 8 2
♦ K 6 2
♣ J 9 8 6

South
♠ A K 4
♥ K
♦ A 5
♣ K Q 7 5 4 3

The bidding:

North East South West
1♥ Pass 2♠ Pass
2♥ Pass 4NT Pass
3♥ Pass 5NT Pass
6♣ Pass 6NT All Pass

AFTER PARTNER has opened the bidding, South's hand cries out for a slam. With his singleton heart South decides not to make a jump-shift at his first response, and to proceed slowly. Two clubs, in any event, is a forcing bid.

North's first rebid, in his opening suit, shows a six-carder. Since Blackwood shows top controls in all suits, six no-trump is the preferred contract. The lack of the diamond king does not seem to be a threat, with two six-card suits and the lead coming up to the ace-queen.

The opening lead was the diamond ten to South's queen. Declarer's count shows that if either clubs or hearts divide favourably there is a pushover. How then can declarer protect against an unfavourable break in both clubs and hearts?

Five tricks are easily available in either of these suits if declarer

ducks one trick. Declarer should first play the heart king, to clear the way. Now, in which suit should he duck? The answer, obviously, is in clubs, since declarer has only one entry - the club ace - to the hearts. But he can't play the club ace before ducking that would strand two high hearts in dummy. The winning play at Trick Three is a low club from both hands. Now win the return, enter dummy with the club ace, cash the two high hearts and enter hand to claim the contract. Playing safe pays off.

Deal 2
Vul: Both

North
♠ A
♥ A 7 5 3
♦ K J 5 4 3
♣ 9 6 4

West
♠ J 9 7 2
♥ 10
♦ Q 10 8 7
♣ J 10 8

East
♠ 10 8 5 4
♥ K Q 9 8 2
♦ 9
♣ K 7 2

South(D)
♠ K Q 6 3
♥ J 6 4
♦ A 6 2
♣ A 5 3

The bidding:

South West North East
1♠ Pass 2♦ Pass
2NT Pass 3NT All Pass

THE CONTRACT is normal and West leads the club queen. Declarer counts seven tricks on top - three spades, one heart, two diamonds and one club. The two needed tricks can only come from the diamond suit. East played a low club and declarer ducked. West continued with a club and East played the king. This gave declarer a count on clubs. They split 4-3, for if East held only the king doubleton he would have played the king on the first trick, unblocking the suit. Since now there was no fear of East-West running four club tricks, declarer

won the second club with the ace. His problem now was making four diamond tricks. His greatest danger was four diamonds in the West hand as in the diagram. This he would somehow have to overcome.

The count of losers was especially important on this deal. South must limit his losses to three clubs and one diamond, and he must have sufficient entries to take his winning tricks. First he must get the spade ace out of the way so that he could make the king and queen in his own hand. For this he needed an entry into his hand - and the only entry was the diamond ace. But if he immediately won the diamond and took the two spades this might set up a spade trick for the defence, and that could set the contract. His only hope, after taking the spade ace, was to duck a diamond. Perhaps he could pick up the diamond queen on the next round. So he won the spade ace and played a small diamond from each hand. West played his winning clubs and exited with a heart to dummy's ace. A diamond was now led to the ace and with East showing out, South was able to finesse the jack. So he made his two good spades and ran the diamonds, making his contract.

Deal 3
Vul: Both

North(D)
♠ 9 6 5 2
♥ A
♦ Q J 3
♣ A K J 6 4

West
♠ 10 8 7 3
♥ Q 9 8 2
♦ K 7 2
♣ 9 7

East
♠ Q J 8 7 4
♥ 10 9 8 6
♦ 8 5 3 2

South
♠ A K J 4
♥ 10 6 3
♦ A 5 4
♣ Q 10 5

The bidding:

North East South West
1♠ Pass 1♠ Pass
3♣ Pass 4♦ Pass
4♥ Dbl Pass 6♠ All Pass
Redbl Pass 6♠ All Pass

NORTH-SOUTH reached a distributional slam with only 29 high-card points, with a singleton and a five-card side suit providing additional opportunities for needed tricks. Special care is needed, however, to guard against adverse distribution.

The heart deuce is led to dummy's ace. Declarer counts one possible loser one in spades, two losers in hearts which can be ruffed in dummy, two losers in diamonds which can be discarded on clubs. But all this may not be easy. Trump must be pulled before clubs can be run and hearts must be ruffed in dummy before trump can be pulled. To enter his hand South played a spade for the second trick. He was pleased with the fall of the queen, but if this meant four trump with West, South might lose control of the hand. Since he had to lose a trump anyhow he shifted plans to win the first spade and ducked to the spade queen. East shifted to a diamond which declarer did not dare to finesse but won with the ace. A heart was ruffed and a trump led to the king. Another heart was ruffed. A club was played to the queen. Trump were now safely pulled and the club suit won the day. Had South covered the spade queen with the king he subsequently would have lost control and been set by the loss of a trump, and a heart or a diamond. (It would have been necessary for West to withhold his winning trump until declarer had played three clubs and no longer had an entry to dummy.)

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HAIFA

Record week in Jerusalem

Meir Ronnen

THIS HAS been a record week for shows in Jerusalem. This writer found himself writing up 13 exhibitions and there are five others that await a visit: a show of 18th century Haggadah at the Israel Museum and a didactic show entitled "How to Look At A Picture" at the Youth Wing. Also at the Museum is a little show of paintings and drawings by Avigdor Arikha, all devoted to his wife. The Yad Vashem Museum is exhibiting three little shows devoted to various aspects of Holocaust art; and at the Gila Gallery, 22 Agmon, the French-Jewish virtuoso Claude Weisbuch is having a show of neo-romantic paintings and drawings.

SHIMSHON HOLZMAN, the veteran Israeli watercolourist and poet of the Kinneret foreshore (whose 75th birthday album published by Masada was reviewed in these columns on Jan. 21) is represented by a show of paintings and drawings from the Twenties to the Eighties. The gem of the show is a rather uncharacteristic expressionist oil of an inlet of the Seine, painted in 1934, a very French and painterly work that ought to be in the Israel Museum. Some of the watercolour landscapes of the Thirties and Forties are brilliantly brought off but as noted before, Holzman makes everything look too easy. The line drawings are particularly slick. Some themes, like his three Kinneret trees, are worked to death (and poorly reproduced as lithographs). But Holzman is a real artist. (Aria Gallery, 4 Akiva, J'lem.) Till April 9.

VERA GUTKINA, a young painter who came here from Moscow just over a year ago, is a born artist. She shows canvases from both here and there; and the change that has taken place in her work in such a short time is amazing. Her gloomy, almost muddy portraits, still-life and landscape painted in Russia are replaced by a clear and joyful palette of rich harmonies, basing a number of her landscapes in a gentle, happy light; see (2). Her scumbling is painterly without being messy and her portrait of her colleague Bassin (22) records him as part of the picture, without any sacrifice of any other qualities. If Gutkina can develop a personal idiom she may emerge as an artist of real note. (Ela Gallery, Yemin Moshe.) Till March 24.

EDUARD LEVIN, a graduate of the Minsk Academy, has, judging by his paintings and drawings, made a foray to Paris and Madrid since coming here some five years ago. He is a humanist influenced by both Spanish and French painting; his figure painting belongs to El Greco and Goya while the little Paris oil vignettes are post-impressionist, semi-expressionist. School of Paris (and make sense both from close up or at a considerable distance). There is a general air of gloom; and there is a sombre portrait of the gloomy genius Yefim Lazdizinsky, (a brilliant Russian-Jewish painter whose life came to a tragic end in Jerusalem a year ago this month). I was most drawn to a sunny and very lively, little oil of a vineyard and view (9), one of his Judean desert series, which hopefully presages a lighter palette. The mezzanine con-

tains his skilful watercolours of still life (31 and 32 are easily the best and the most harmonically controlled) and a few freely painted, semi-abstract renditions of the heroic male torso, as well as a few pen drawings from his trip to Spain. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till March 23.

SOUTH AFRICAN-born, London-trained **Sandra Pegys Holdecker** has a remarkable gift for picture-making and no technique to carry it off: much of her very uneven show is clumsy in handling, almost naive. That the power of her vision can mitigate this is evident in her ambitious but poorly thought out panoramic oil of the Jaffa foreshore (13) a curiously good bad painting (note how the handling of the sea awkwardly negates the perspective). But her gifts come happily to the fore in the boldly conceived and brightly executed trees and houses (17) with its brash greens and orange roofs working against a richly artificial blue sky. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till March 23.

YEHUDIT SHAPIRA is a Tel Avivian trained in London and New York. Her man-sized painted wall sculptures, or, if you like, sculptural non-regular minimalist paintings, are like theatre-set tombstones on the road of art history echoing with the footfalls of Ben Nicholson and Lynn Chadwick. The arty,



Joel Kass: painting (Tzavta Club Gallery, J'lem).

carefully-treated surfaces are almost chi-chi. Particularly unfortunate, almost imitation art, is the sole piece on the floor, but a number of the others, particularly the warmer red ones, are quite convincing. Less would have seemed more if Shapira had been more selective in her choice of what to show. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till March 23.

ECKHART WENDLER, 45, is a skilled and sensitive German artist who once came here as a kibbutz volunteer and now teaches at Hamm. He has sent here some fine gouaches, watercolours and etchings, non-objective work with occasional echoes of still life mixed with landscape. He is out of a curious mixture of Leger, Expressionism and Cubism but the results are very much his own. Particularly fine are his larger, harmonic gouaches with their three-dimensional shapes operating in two-dimensional environments. His double-oval theme recurs in some strong ink drawings. Also of note is an etching of a calligraphic mass that faintly resembles Japanese Kanji. Worth seeing. (Nora Gallery, 9 Ben Maimon, J'lem.) Till April 4.

WARSAW-BORN Joel Kass came here in 1948 and later studied at the Bezalel before continuing his studies in Italy and the UK. His well-painted but heavy expressionist symbolism still retains the influence of his early Israeli teacher, Lior Roth. Kass's grotesques are groups of performers who regard the viewer with a depressingly joyless acceptance of the human condition. (Tzavta Gallery, 38 King George, behind parking lot, J'lem.) Till April 5.

NEW paintings by Maya Cohen Levy show a switch from pop stars to pseudo-anthropology. Her large, crudely-painted canvases and collage carry three-dimensional holy cows as well as two-dimensional images taken from aboriginal painting: goannas, platypuses, birds "Cobra"-like human images also emerge. But her wild painting, mired in so many traditional styles, is less new painting than an eclectic mess. But in a few of her smaller works, thought and order is beginning to emerge. (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem.) Till March 24.

YAIR GARBUS presents another series of his instant social summations, made of torn and defaced news photographs coupled with some occasional and inconsequential drawn symbols. Much of it involves the drive into Lebanon and confrontations between Israeli soldiers and Arab women (not all of it originally hostile); and except for a few shots showing Israeli doctors being helpful, the faces of all the soldiers are defaced. Mixed in are porno-type shots of couples undressing each other, their heads also missing. The theme throughout thus seems to be shame. Garbus is entitled to his social and political opinions, but as works of art these panels are a charmless and sordid confusion that leave one with nothing but a nasty taste in the mouth. (Sara Gilat Gallery, 4 Pinsky, J'lem.) Till March 23.

A FAIRLY new gallery that has chalked up a respectable record of helping new Israeli painters and forgotten veterans is marking the first five years of its operation with an over-large and not sufficiently selective group show of 18 artists, which, nevertheless, contains a number of works that merit a home in the Israel Museum. Outstanding are two works by veteran Ori Reizman, one a brilliant portrait of a lady in an embroidered blouse, a painting in which everything — colour, handling, composition — has gone marvellously, deliciously right (two other works by Reizman are quite indifferent). There are also two interesting unnatural-colour landscapes by Yaddi Rabin and a huge, splendidly expressionist landscape, beautifully brought off, by Asaph Ben Menahem. A real delight is a near-naïve still life on thin painted plywood, by Moshe Hoffmann, and also a splendidly witty vertical oil of a man with a cravat by Anton Bliderman that entirely reflects the spirit of European New Painting. Two canvases by colourist Shmuel Teyler are harmonically impressive. If a little trite, Pesach Slobozky shows a watercolour triptych of three portraits that is an interesting departure, while Gabriel Cohen offers up another of his naïve visions, this time Nava riverboats, set against a mixed geo-cultural

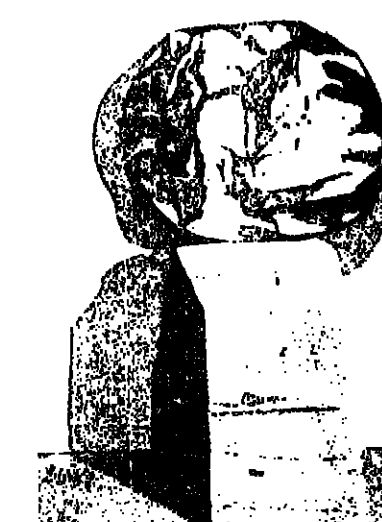
background. (Alon Gallery, enr. 51 Palmach, J'lem.) Till March 25.

TWO ACCOMPLISHED young photographers make a convincing debut. Ronit Lorch-Lombroso, a Bezalel Design Department graduate, has returned from a trip to Hongkong with a series of quite superbly taken and printed colour studies of food in Chinese markets. She concentrates on the patterns inherent in both organic qualities and the artistic oriental method of rhythmical linear presentation, giving us symphonies in everything from vegetables to plucked chickens and plates of fish — and even stacks of wood. Particularly interesting is her study of the random composition of some black-eyed beans. Composed entirely in the camera and presented full frame, these prints are as good as anything I've ever seen in *Gourmet*.

At the same venue, Kathy Sapir, who studied music in her native Antwerp and photography at an American school, shows a romantic series of colour prints devoted chiefly to studies of chairs on the seashore. Those placed by herself



Shimshon Holzman: watercolour, 1959 (Aria Gallery, J'lem).



Eckhart Wendler: gouache, 1981 (Nora Gallery, J'lem).



Eduard Levin: "The Pompidou Centre," oils (J'lem Artists House).



Maya Cohen Levy: painting, 1983 (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem).



Yehudit Shapira: painted construction (J'lem Artists House).

are rather arty; but her studies of patterns made by sandshades, chairs, sand and sea reveal a special talent for composed picture-making. A tendency to work into the blue-violet end of the spectrum in the beach series heightens the lyric effect. I enjoyed these efficient but unpretentious works by these young photographers as much as anything in the rather depressing Foreign Ministry show of Israeli photography now on show in the foyer of this venue. (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery For New Artists). Till March 14.

THANKS to George Washington's birthday and some previously unannounced closures, I was frustrated in my efforts to view the photographs of teacher Irene Pleika, made by the kwik-print method, originally a commercial process for artificially colouring tentative black-and-white designer layouts. The method evidently enables her to divorce photographs from their original reality by giving them a colouring of her own (American Cultural Center, 19 Keren Hayssod, J'lem). March 31.

Lerski: master of light and shade

Gil Goldfine

FUELED by controlled lighting and dramatic camera angles, the photographs of Helmar Lerski are uniquely personal.

Lerski, the peripatetic son of Polish-Jewish emigrants, who once lived here, was born in Strasbourg in 1871 and died in Zurich at the age of 85. Although his career spanned six decades and three continents, his art, mainly memorable portraits, was virtually forgotten until recent research into avant-garde German film of the 1920s uncovered him once again. A travelling retrospective is now on view in Tel Aviv.

Lerski's skills with a camera began to develop while living in America around 1910. However, it was not until he moved to Berlin, in 1915, where he found employment as a cameraman and lighting director in the fledgling German film in-

dustry, that he began to fully realize the power of the lens.

As indicated in the chronological arrangement of the exhibit, it was during these formative years that Lerski concentrated on portraiture, going from documenting popular cultural personalities of the time to photographing "anonymous" people. With "Everyday Heads," a series of proletarian portraits created in the 1930s, Lerski experimented with his unusual style, based on close cropping of the face and background, while using "theatrical" lighting as a sculptural tool.

Unlike orthodox portraiture, Lerski's sitters always remain anonymous. There is no attempt to describe flesh as personality; nor is there an image with which the viewer can "communicate." Lerski's portraits are objects of study, fundamental interpretations of form, mass and texture brought



Helmar Lerski: three portraits of the same model from "Metamorphosis of Light" (Tel Aviv Museum).

together by light and shadow. The question of whether Lerski's faces are true people or masks of make-believe people quite often arises.

Before Lerski embarked on his particular style his work was imbued with a strain of theatrical romanticism, with agreeable thespians staring starry-eyed into space, contemplating, pretending and performing for the lens. Then as in later years Lerski's models never looked directly into the camera face. Contact with the ultimate spectator was

avoided, a sense of mystery preferred to a sense of reality.

While living in Palestine (1933-1949) Lerski created a monumental work "Metamorphosis in Light" probably his major contribution to the history of photography. It encapsules 175 different facial poses of one man, whose features are altered and made distinctive by unusual mannerisms coupled to a creative use of light and trimming. Although there are only a few dozen of these prints in this exhibit their

power indicate Lerski's extraordinary photographic vision.

Lerski was a planner. A photographer who relied on premeditation and control, an artist who left little to chance or candid approximation. This is a condensed assessment of a man, who, having lived on Dizengoff for 15 years, should have been appreciated and noticed a long time ago. Perhaps the times — and two wars — were against him. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd., Tel Aviv).

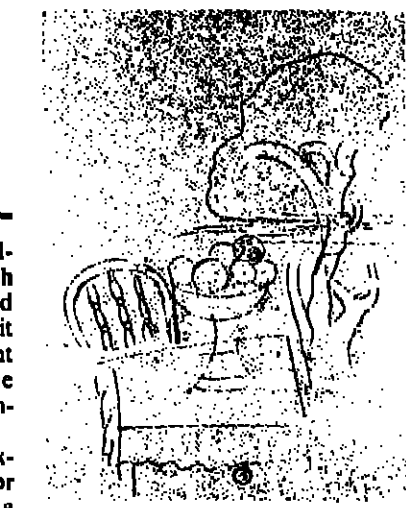
Lubin's Tel Aviv

THANKS TO several local galleries, the late Israeli painter Arleh (Leo) Lubin is enjoying a justified revival. Unlike a previous exhibit held three months ago, the current show of works on paper from the '20s — has been carefully considered and hung with care.

Lubin is confirmed to be an excellent artist, who, unfortunately for one reason or another, slid into a decorative decline that ended with his "paraphrasing" and "stenciling" of standard themes, with which he had become synonymous.

But these early works are of a different nature. They indicate a search for identity. Defined drawings and watercolours of little Tel Aviv and its environs are pronounced in several European styles, from stylized contour line to naturalistic rendering, from cubist studies to expressionist drawings, from Matisse to high Erez Yisrael. Lubin was an observer of his city just as Gutman was the recorder of Jaffa. Lubin strolled the streets of Tel Aviv and documented its growth and its inhabitants: Jews and Arabs, peddlers, farmers and labourers, scenes that will eventually, along with those of Rubin, Gutman, Paldi and Castel, symbolize the drama and naiveté of the early Yishuv. (Givon Gallery, 35 Gordon & Tiroche Gallery, 25 Gordon, Tel Aviv). Till March 26.

LIKE IT or not the art world is being wrapped in an Expressionist revival. The problem is that real expressionists are born, not made. So-called expressionist paintings can easily fall into colourful decoration or blank, austere symbolism. Orna Milo, in her first one person show, is an obvious disciple of German Expressionism, especially Nolde whose "Dance Around the Golden Call" (1910) is chromatically and gesturally mirrored in one of her canvases. With all the gusto and bravado of raw pigment, the clas-



Arleh Lubin: drawing (Tiroche Gallery, Tel Aviv).

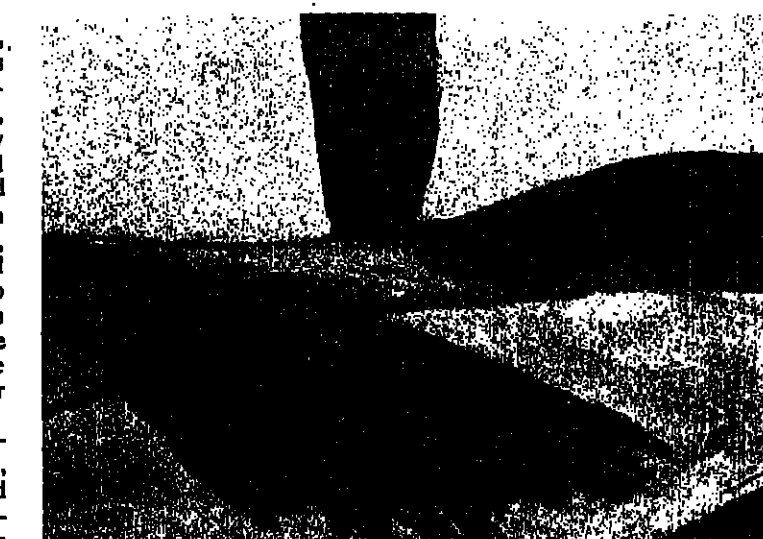
sic combination of harnessing pinks, yellows and mauves to greens, greys and reds is Fauvist rather than expressionist. Milo's figures, however, are drawn in a decidedly exaggerated way. Heads are carved primitive casts. Large eyes and scornful features are placed on truncated, stubby torsos and legs, not unlike those of Marc and Gauguin. Movements are staccato and not fluidly composed and in several pictures Milo uses the figure as an isolated shape on bare, white canvas in order to heighten their colour sensation.

To Milo's credit is her concentration on paint and sensation, on distortion for the sake of art and not exploitation, on the visual impact of picture making. Not too many young painters can manage to maintain such control. (Ahava Pincas Gallery, 42 Frug, Tel Aviv). Till March 23.

ALON PREMINGER is a talented 22-year-old sculptor, who, in his first exhibit ever, shows several highly polished handsomely finished, marble forms. In the tradition of Brancusi, Arp, Hepworth and Noguchi, Preminger's grey, white or black volumes are carved, with purity and finesse. Preminger's love of reductive form and respect for his material creates a marvellous combination that shines right through his work. The stone, much of it from Carrara, is sensitively



Alon Preminger: marble sculpture (Gordon Gallery, Tel Aviv).



Ronit Yedaya: drawing (Mabat Gallery, Tel Aviv).

hewn into weightless abstract objects of organic or natural designs: a bone, a shell, a bough, a moving animal. There is little drama in Preminger's sculptures and no overt mannerisms. Though derivative, they have a pace and soul of their own. A rare first outing for such a young, untrained, artist. (Gordon Gallery, 95 Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv).

RONIT YEDAYA'S four horizontal charcoal drawings are superior to her paintings in that they indicate signs of psychological intensity coupled to an understanding of the dynamics of picture making. Scrub-

bed ebony blacks are pitted against white areas as shadows intertwine with solid objects in pure pictorial relationships. In addition, the narrative quality that penetrates the drawings, without the presence of humans, is like early DiChirico: the shadow of life without seeing it.

On the other hand, Yedaya's canvases are loosely composed, abstract landscapes in which colour is stubbornly kept fairly midochromatic, dull earth greens and browns or fiery reds and yellows. (Mabat Gallery, 31 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

GIL GOLDFINE

HAIFA SHOWS

SIMCHA WEISS and **MORDECHAI FEUERSTEIN** — Weiss's decoratives in panda oil pastel and oils, constructed on realist motifs, completely fill the frame, a weakness being, in some instances, the introduction of too many motifs. After arranging the subject in a jigsaw faintly akin to stained glass, he does not venture further except in "Woman in a Painting Group" (6) where a diagonal easel contour supplies a bit of dash. A word should be said for his realist portraits, confidently and firmly delineated.

Feuerstein's watercolour "Trees and Landscapes" employ a medium which suits his delicate and soft impressionism, e.g. "Emek Landscape", while his smallish frames aid greatly in giving a degree of individuality to vignettes of trees (8). These watercolours connect with the artist's photo-chem paintings. For example, we can now see, by comparison, that the smokiness in the latter, unless the subject is Haifa Port, is due to cloud effects ("On the Way to the Negev"); and that an important note in both media and probably the clue to his style, is despite the small format, the ability to command space by expressing distance in breadth and thereby the hint of panorama if the picture were larger. (Hagefen Gallery, Haifa). Till Mar. 22.

RINA DROR'S prints are ambitious but in a couple of landscapes she is not entirely at ease in arranging her motifs. On the other hand, Dror is proficient in the portrayal of young female nudes, of which there is an exceptional number; her range of poses might be enlarged by depicting, from time to time, older and less idealised bodies. Another style where she certainly knows how to hit the nail on the head, is in a partly minimal abstraction, e.g. the red wavy "Landscapes." This quality is also apparent in her strictly linear hallways and lanes which possess a distinct abstract significance. (Ritz Gallery, Haifa). Till Mar. 25.

E. HARRIS

THE ROBES are long, voluminous and authentic, the carpets on the dirt floor Oriental; the tent is straight out of the desert. But the eyes that peer out over the reddish moustache, under the tribal headgear, are a startling blue, and the accent is unmistakably British.

Sir John Mills, whose familiar face has graced over 100 films and 40 stage productions, has won 18 acting awards, including an Oscar for *Ryan's Daughter*. His other hit films include *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Great Expectations*, *Hobson's Choice*, *Goodbye Mr. Chips*, *King Rat*, and *Tiger Bay*.

He is now filming in Israel, playing the English tutor of a dashing Arab sheikh who falls in love with beautiful Brooke Shields after his tribesmen capture her in the North African desert. The script has her driving in an international rally during a war between nomadic tribes.

The \$15 million production, entitled *Sahara*, was inspired by the recent incident when Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's son was lost during a desert auto race. Producers Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus set the story in the 1920s in the Sahara desert, but the Cannon Films production is being shot at 21 stunning locations in Israel.

John Mills, whom Golan calls "an institution, like the Queen of England," accepted the role because "it's rather like going back to the Valentino-in-the-desert romantic adventure-stories we used to make. It has charm and excitement."

I CAUGHT up with Sir John on a sand-dune in the Arava, next to Kibbutz Gofit, 100 metres from the Jordanian border, with the red mountains of Edom a spectacular background to the charge of Beduin horses swooping down on Brooke Shields' car. Nearby was a tent camp set up for filming, and housing the Beduin tribesmen hired as extras.

It was the morning after his 75th surprise birthday party, given by the Sonesta Hotel and the *Sahara* producers. Sir John, along with the other stars of the film, are staying at the Sonesta in the disputed Taba area, with the three borders of Jordan, Egypt and Saudi Arabia all visible from the windows. Mills' stand-in, a young Australian named Michael Cousins, who is spending a year in Israel, sleeps on the beach, better suited to his 15500-a-day pittance than the Sonesta's \$90 rooms.

Sir John's sprightly step belies his age, and he queries, quizzically, "Would you say I looked 42 or 45?" The doctor who examined him for the film declared him 100 per cent fit, he boasts, "and on our wedding anniversary, I always take my wife to lunch in the sports jacket I wore when I courted her. It still fits."

He admits to being slightly hard of hearing, "but I think quite honestly that age is a state of mind. It also depends on your physical condition. If you don't feel fit, you feel old. I take a lot of exercise, so I'm okay."

He grins at the nearby make-up table. "I hope that's wood," he mutters, and concedes that he's very superstitious. Is he religious? "More so since we've come to Israel," he says. "The Old Testament used to be boring, but now we've found it to be the best guide-book there is. Jerusalem is captivating, Masada riveting. I can't think why we've never been here before."

JOHN MILLS, who was knighted in 1976, is a thoroughly nice man, like the part he plays, content with his life, his career, and particularly his



(Yoni Ramnath)

Mills on a dune

John Mills has made over 100 films and won numerous acting awards, including an Oscar. His current role, in *'Sahara'*, has him playing the English tutor of an Arab sheikh. PEARL SHEFFY GEFEN meets the British actor on location in the Arava.

42-year-old marriage. Film stars Juliet and Hayley Mills are his daughters; his son Jonathan is a script-writer. Lady Mills, who is always with him "like a Siamese twin," is playwright and former actress Mary Hayley Bell. She was born in Shanghai, where her father, an English colonel, was Chiang Kai-shek's commissioner for Chinese maritime customs and ran two gunboats battling piracy, smuggling and gun-running. One of her cousins was Rudyard Kipling.

The Mills' social life is strictly high society. When he was called to Israel two weeks earlier than expected, he had to cancel a dinner party with the King and Queen of Belgium and a banquet given by Lord Mayor of London.

King Hussein of Jordan is another acquaintance: "We've met several times and he seems to remember me every time."

Then would he take a hand in trying to further peace negotiations? He replies earnestly: "I don't believe actors should be politically involved. Vanessa Redgrave is very ill-advised to do what she does. An actor shouldn't use his personal fame and image to try to sway people one way or another. Even Jane Fonda, who does know what she's talking about, shouldn't use her name to sway people."

"The British Conservative Party once asked me to do a television spot for Edward Heath during an

election campaign. They said 'the audience will believe you.' But even though I'm a Conservative, I refused, because I felt, well, what if I'm wrong?"

Sir John is a Pisces, he reveals, "which means I'm very sentimental and emotional, and a moral coward. I don't like trouble or quarrels. I hide under a rock. If it comes to a point of principle, I can be strong, but I can't stand any kind of a row."

That, along with very good manners, may be the secret of his happy marriage. Lady Mills says he's a "considerate, kind and marvellous man. Yes, we have occasional spats, or life would be boring, wouldn't it? But we're a very close family."

Their children have been less fortunate in their marriages. Juliet, now 39, is currently married to a 22-year-old actor, and Hayley's first marriage, to British producer Roy Boulting, was a failure. "He was older than I am," sniffs Lady Mills, "and he wanted her mainly as a cook — which she does very well. Jonathan's wife deserted him."

All three children, their parents say, made the mistake of marrying too young, before they were even 20 — as John himself had done in his first marriage.

Sahara executive producer Teri Shields, Brooke's mother and manager, is always being questioned on the trials and tribulations of bringing up a child star. How did the Mills fare? "It was extraordinarily easy."

says Sir John, "because they knew all about the theatre. They started when my wife was writing plays, and they took to it like ducks to water."

How do you keep a child star human? "I think it's the kids who come from the studios who have the problems. They have no background, and they believe what they read in the papers, that they're geniuses and the most beautiful things in the world. Our kids laugh if they read that sort of thing, because they know it's not true. That's what keeps them sane."

The Mills family belongs to the tradition of the great theatrical clans like the Barrymores and the Redgraves. What gives one family so much talent?

"It's mainly the wheel of fate," John thinks, "but yes, there might be something in the genes. When Hayley first got in front of a camera at the age of 12, she seemed to know just what to do. Most children stare straight into the lens. They're riveted by the camera. But you could put a camera six inches from Hayley's face and she'd never look at it. That's the sort of thing that's in the blood."

Sir John and Lady Mills tried to discourage their daughters from becoming actresses, "because we always tell everybody not to. It's a rough, tough and dangerous profession. Actors are the most insecure people in the world. There are many out of work, and I think that before an actor joins the business, he should be put off by everyone else. Then, if he decides there's nothing else in the world he wants to do — as I did — fine, he's prepared to face the dangers."

Has he had the bad periods he warned his daughters about? He reaches for the table again.

"Touch wood, I've been extremely lucky. I've had a few patches that haven't been good, and there were times when I pinched the rolls left on the table at a Lyons Corner House. But I've seldom been out of work."

"There are things I would like to have done but couldn't do because the war came up, but on the whole, I'm satisfied. Mind you, I've done pictures that sometimes I wish I hadn't." Which? "Ah now, that's something it's best not to mention in case the producers are listening."

Even at 75, one keeps one's options open. Because John Mills wouldn't dream of retiring, "and I couldn't afford to even if I wanted."

MILLS WAS BORN in a small English village where his father, a stern and restless man, was headmaster of the local school. They lived in the schoolhouse with an outdoor privy "into which I fell at an early age." An enthusiastic athlete who avoided studying until his father clamped down on him, he once broke a school record by totalling eight out of 300 on three maths exams.

He made his acting debut at the age of 11 as Puck in a school production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The applause "started an affair that will last as long as I live." (He played the same role 20 years later at the Old Vic.)

His name was originally Lewis Ernest Watts Mills, but he decided as a youngster that "Lewis was soppy. Ernest didn't conjure up the right image; and Watts was frankly a joke. So I chose John, because my sister said it would 'look well' in lights one day."

He was a small child, bullied and beaten by schoolmates until his sister's dancing partner taught him

ju-jitsu. Now, he says, he only occasionally wishes he had "a couple of extra inches" when playing with tall actresses. "But if I'd been any taller, I would have been somebody else. Height helps make you what you are."

He's 5'7", but "I lied about my height for so many years that I almost believe I'm 5'8½." Mary quickly points out: "Don't forget some of the greatest men in the world were small, like Nelson or Ben-Gurion."

His mother and sister, a dancer, encouraged his "desperate desire" to become an actor, but his father sent him to work as a junior clerk in a corn-merchant's office. Then he sold deodorants and toilet paper while he learned to tap-dance, until he landed his first theatrical job in the chorus line of a musical comedy.

DURING a tour of the Far East in 1929 with a repertory company, playing everything from Shakespeare to musicals, he met Noël Coward, who befriended young John and gave him his first big break on the London stage.

An accomplished song-and-dance man, Mills appeared in several Coward revues, and was the first to sing his ageless "Mad Dogs and Englishmen." After John was invalided out of the army with an ulcer (he enlisted the day before war was declared), Coward wrote a part for him in his great film, *Which We Serve*, and relaunched his film career.

Mary brought him back to the stage by writing plays for him, including *Duet for Two Hands*, which led to "one of the high points of my life. We had a suite at the Savoy, which we couldn't really afford, waiting for the reviews. They were marvellous. Then the phone rang, and Larry Olivier said he'd heard we had a hit, and could he come to that day's matinee. I rang the theatre, and couldn't get a single ticket, even for him. We were sold out!"

It was the sight of Olivier and the three other "greats" of the English stage — Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud and Alec Guinness — gathered at Mills' 70th birthday party that led publisher Lord Weidenfeld to commission him to write his autobiography, *Up in the Clouds, Gentlemen Please*.

His latest film is *Gandhi*, which has 11 Oscar nominations, though none for him, because "my role is a cameo part. But it's the best film I've ever seen. Part of the filming was done in Ashram, which Gandhi established rather like a kibbutz. Many Indians who saw the film thought it was a reincarnation of Gandhi."

Mills goes to few films now "because we like real stories, and films today seem to be made purely for teenagers and children. But we liked E.T. which had something for everyone. Did you know that the eyes of E.T. were Einstein's eyes, taken from photos? Or at least so we were told."

Hollywood has often beckoned him, "but we wouldn't want to live there; though we love to visit the U.S. because it's beautiful and has everything. But we like to live where we belong and pay our taxes there. We feel we owe something to our country, not like the tax-haven people who go away and then visit and have the best of both worlds without paying for it."

"With all its strikes, unemployment, crippling taxation, traffic jams and fickle climate, England's the only country in the world I can happily live in."

A country on the couch?

How much can psychologists and critics contribute to understanding fiction? The question was taken up at two recent literary evenings devoted to 'Late Divorce,' the controversial novel by A.B. Yehoshua. MARSHA POMERANTZ reports.

THE LONGISH room is packed with people sitting at small, round, glass-topped tables; those who came late or thirsty are leaning against the bar at one end. Here and there, words rise out of the smoke and the murmur and seem to sizzle against the threads of red neon near the ceiling. The black walls are patterned into small squares by white metal latticework. Waitresses wind their way among the tables with trays of drinks.

On the slightly raised platform along one black-curtained wall, mikes await their speakers. The pianist takes his seat at the keyboard, his poised hands under the coloured spotlights casting pink, yellow and turquoise shadows on the polished ivory. His big brown running shoe approaches the pedals below. Another literary evening has begun.

Fiction and poetry sell well in this country, and literary evenings — with or without music, with or without critics, with or without pastel shadows — are well attended. This was the second in two months devoted to A. B. Yehoshua's latest novel, *Gerushim M'harim*, or *Late Divorce*. The first filled the auditorium of the Israel Museum in Jerusalem in December.

But the setting described above is probably more "atmospheric" than most for honouring and persecuting authors. It is the Upstairs Basement of Beit Lessin, the Histadrut-run cultural centre in North Tel Aviv, which offers a range of plays, cabaret, film, jazz and classical concerts, and coffee-house hum.

The literary evening at Beit Lessin is a once-a-month affair, usually opened by a music student at the Talma Yellin school. This time it was Yair Stavi, who was attached to the brown running shoes and playing Chopin and Liszt. He is a ninth-grader and the son of the editor of *Yediot Aharonot's* literary supplement, but seems quite capable of making his music without pulling that string.

Yehoshua — dark, medium height, wavy salt-and-pepper hair, with a lip that seems to come and go — was joined by psychologists at the first literary evening, and critics at the second. He seemed more at home with the first group, although they poked and probed his poor characters — plus Antigone, Anna Karenina and a few others — in an attempt to figure out whether writers or psychologists have better tools for opening the psyche's gearbox.

THE AUTHOR, whom everyone calls "Boollie," was oddly tolerant, and even protective of the psychologists' contribution to the generation and understanding of literature — which may or may not have to do with the fact that his wife is a psychologist. The audience, seemed to believe more than he did in the writer's unmediated access to the soul.

At one point in the discussion, analyst Yehuda Fried said (of psychology) "What do you need it all for?" And the audience clapped. "I don't understand why you're all clapping," said Boollie.



"Psychology can be a great help...you can discover startling things, figure out why the classics are really classics; *Antigone* is one because it is psychologically true." The audience buzzed with dismay.

How does the discussion apply to the book? Lunacy, normality, and the ways they overlap are very much part of *Late Divorce*. The book has nine chapters, each of which is narrated in the voice of a different character — a technique he also used in his earlier novel, *The Lover*. The epigraph to the first chapter of *Late Divorce* is taken from Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, apparently to suggest a literary debt. The story: Yehuda Kaminka, estranged husband and father of three and grandfather of two, returns to Israel after several years in the U.S. to divorce Naomi, his wife of many years, who once apparently tried to kill him and has since been in the Acre mental hospital. Separation is not enough because Kaminka has a woman friend in the States and another offspring on the way.

THE BOOK is funny and disturbing; it offers you a new set of friends and makes you suspect yourself for wanting to hang around with these people. Naomi has a second self with whom she is often at war. But is she any crazier than her son and daughter-in-law who live in

dream-worlds of (respectively) history and fiction, and who haven't got around to consummating their two-year marriage yet? Yehuda wonders why his wife says he disappointed her, when he never promised her anything. Their homosexual son Zvi sleeps late, smiles a lot, and takes friends and family for all they're worth.

Some readers find the family psychologically convincing, and some find certain characters more grotesque than believable. But the real controversy arises when the scope of the book goes beyond the psychology of one-plus-one equals five-plus-in-laws. Yehuda keeps talking to himself about the motherland, tries substituting one landscape for another — Israel for Russia, then the U.S. for Israel. He denies that Israel is a mere episode in history. His son the historian is convinced that some vaccine can be wrung out of the past to make us immune to the dangers of the future.

It's not Antigone or Anna Karenina on this couch, nor is it only the Kaminka family. In one way or another it's the People of Israel, their politics and eating habits. You can just see everyone elbowing to get on first as the shrink collects the fare and says "Slide all the way to the end, and no smoking."

THE QUESTION is how far to go

with the political or national interpretation of this troubled family's history — and that was the reason for the second literary evening, at which Yehoshua sat with the critics. Asked later whether the experience was painful or pleasurable, he acknowledged that it was more the former than the latter. Then why do it?

"In a moment of weakness, I thought it might resolve some of the questions left by the extremes of interpretation," he said.

Yehoshua himself refused to give his approval to any single interpretation, partly because he wanted to stay out of trouble and partly because critics discover some things that weren't consciously intended at the time of writing. He preferred to let the critics knock their heads together. "I'm just here to read a passage from the book," he said with the innocence of a little boy who has short-circuited everybody else's lamp.

The most controversial interpretation was that of Yosef Oren, who had written a long essay for *Yediot Aharonot* and was on hand for the discussion. He saw the book as an allegory of Zionist history, with Naomi representing both Sephardim (she is partly Abarbanel) and the land itself. Yehuda, who comes from Russia, represents the Western dream. The coupling of the two has

grotesque results: they don't manage to stay married, and they don't quite succeed in getting divorced.

Oren sees Naomi's schizophrenia as the doubling of Israel's territory in 1967, and her attempt to kill Yehuda — she goes at him with a knife one rosy dawn — is an effort to cut things in half again.

Nili Sadan, a critic whose interpretation is more psychological, pointed out that if the text doesn't indicate it wants to be an allegory, you can't force it.

Oren of course saw sufficient justification for his allegory and said he was driven to it because the book is psychologically absurd: "What happens isn't meaningful unless it's allegorical," he insisted.

THE THIRD critic, Menahem Peri, said that if Oren wanted an allegorical interpretation, why not see it as a book about Jews and Arabs in a no-marriage-no-divorce situation? Kedmi, the son-in-law who is a lawyer and takes on the legal arrangements, could be Kissinger the peace-maker, said Peri, playing the devil's advocate.

Yitzhak Limi, as moderator, was good at goading the participants on, but Boollie was not much help at all. When one of the participants started talking about symbolism, he said "Sure there's symbolism. You're a symbol too. For what? I'll find something."

In the end Peri made the point that an interpretation could be found to include both the psychological and the political aspects, but that it would have to start with an inclusive examination of words and structure. Peri, incidentally, is the editor of *Siman Kri'a*, the literary review which is co-publisher of the book, with Hakibbutz Hamehuda. (An English translation, by Hillel Halkin, will be published by Doubleday in New York.)

In his opinion, which seemed the most lucidly argued of all, the characters are analogues for each other, inside and outside the asylum. All of them insulate themselves in some way from reality, until disaster jars them into seeing their lives for what they are. The most vivid example of such insulation is an incident in which Gadi the grandchild dons a raincoat and hat and uses sugar tongs to change his baby sister's diaper.

Is there, aside from the humour, real hope in the book? A grandmootherly woman in the audience was sure there is: she kept interrupting the debate, and once appealed to Boollie: "Didn't you mean to show how 1967 destroyed us and that there's hope in the third generation?"

"I can't answer," said the innocent author. "What if I say no and the book says yes, or I say yes and the book says no?"

Whatever the ultimate interpretation, it tickles a very delicate spot in the individual and national psyche. Yehoshua is about to receive the Brenner Prize for literature from the Israeli Writers' Association; the book, like his others, sells well, and people will probably keep coming to literary evenings to hear him keep his secrets to himself. □

Handwritten text in the right margin: "Jah 11 11 1983"

NATHAN PERLMUTTER, national director of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, former associate national director of the American Jewish Committee, and former vice-president of development at Brandeis University, probably knows as much about American anti-Semitism as anyone alive. His life's work has been the testing of gentile currents of thought in order to detect new and disturbing developments, and to help American Jews formulate strategies in defence of their legitimate interests.

In his major work, *The Real Anti-Semitism in America*, which he wrote with his wife, Ruth Ann Perlmutter, he examines his old enemy, and comes to some disturbing conclusions.

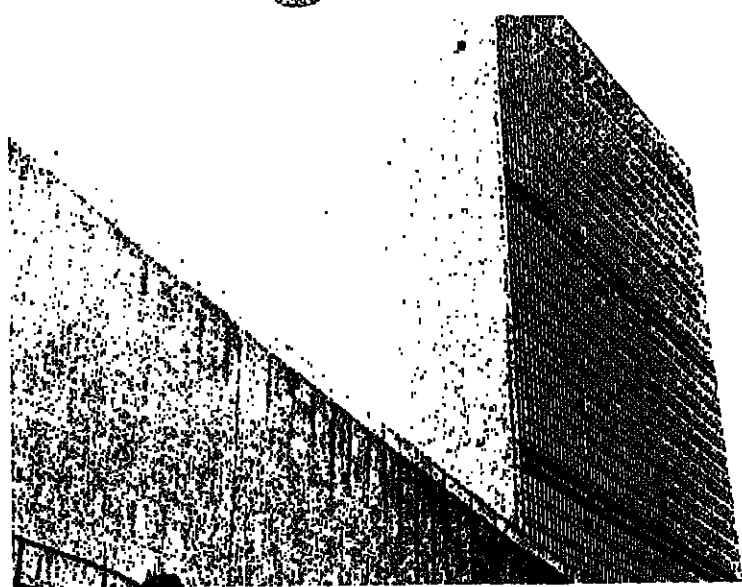
His first encounter with outright anti-Semitism was as a young man when, searching through the newspaper help wanted columns, he came up against the terse door-slammer: "Chrs. only need apply." He allows that, in the intervening years, he and anti-Semitism have "grown old together." And there's the rub.

He is still the urbane, cultured child of Yiddish-speaking parents who has seen in his own lifetime that great leap forward of American Jewry, and who has accomplished the feat of being an American and a Jew in more or less harmonious combination.

BUT ANTI-SEMITISM is not what it was. Rather, it is more than it was in the crude old "Chrs. only need apply" days. While the Jews have had their big guns trained on the blatant bigots, their wily old foe, in a new, respectable guise, has slipped into the fort the back way.

The result is a confused, uneasy Jewish community that is no longer sure just who the enemy is. And no wonder. For the polls — the

Unrecognised enemy



THE REAL ANTI-SEMITISM by Nathan Perlmutter and Ruth Ann Perlmutter. New York, Arbor House, 303 pp. \$15.50.

Mordechai Benjamin

endless, costly sociological surveys by which Jews take the national temperature in the hopes of detecting the virus before the rash breaks out — are telling only half the story, and it is the half the Jews know already.

Survey after survey suggests that some 30 per cent of the American public continues to harbour incipiently unfriendly views of Jews. Ku Klux Klan membership has risen 20 per cent in recent years, and in 1981, for the third consecutive year, the number of reported anti-Semitic incidents more than doubled. Polls also show that with the exception of black Americans, where the

younger and better educated are more anti-Semitic than their parents, old-style anti-Semitism is on the wane.

Sharing sovereignty

JUDEA, SAMARIA AND GAZA: Views on the Present and Future, edited by Daniel Elazar. Washington, American Enterprise Institute, 222 pp. \$15.75 (paperback, \$9.75).

Gabriel Ben-Dor

live. A particularly attractive contribution to the field is the study of the physical, geographical and territorial components of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict (E. Efrat's "Spatial Patterns of Jewish and Arab Settlement in Judea and Samaria," M. Drori's "The Israeli Settlements in Judea and Samaria: Legal Aspects," J. Schwartz's "Water Resources in Judea, Samaria and the Gaza Strip," and "The Political Economy of the Administered Territories," by S. Sandler with H. Frisch). The value of these studies would have been further enhanced by a bibliography and index, which are unfortunately not to be found.

THE PAYOFF, in more ways than one, is in Elazar's own concluding essay. This represents the creative thinking that has evolved throughout the years of studies, conferences and other activities in the Jerusalem Institute for Federal Studies (under Elazar's chairmanship). The conceptual framework is that of shared rule, that is, thinking about compromise not necessarily in terms of partition-

ing land, but rather "partitioning" government, which means sharing sovereignty. This is a variety of federalism ("the politics of eating your cake and having it too"). Elazar is one of the leading authorities in the study of federalism in the world, and this alone should command a respectful audience for what he has to say by way of an alternative approach to the stalemate in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict.

Elazar and his colleagues recognize the existence of two peoples who, in the name of self-determination, claim sovereignty over substantially the same territory. Unlike many others, though, Elazar rejects the "might makes right" type of reasoning, as he rejects the necessity for the people of Israel to "live forever by the sword."

On the other hand, he does not believe in "re-partitioning" in a dis-

sociative vein, thus recreating small entities in a fractured Palestine that may continue to vie for sovereignty over the land — all or in part. Rather, he advances the following argument (p. 221): "The territory now shared by both peoples, on the other hand, should be subject to the maximum possible amount of shared rule since the several claimants all have legitimate claims with regard to it. Israel has a historical right which has a certain status in international law, while the

Palestinians have a right of occupancy strongly supported in international politics. The only way to satisfy these conflicting claims is through sharing the territory in some way."

The argument rests, to a large extent, on Elazar's contention that "since people in the Middle East have never depended upon territory to legitimize or even to maintain their existence, but only use it as a form of accommodation, the provision of self-rule for them as peoples does not preclude shared rule by two or more peoples over the same territories which they may occupy or in which they have rights vested simultaneously."

ONE MAY disagree, partially or altogether. But Elazar's arguments are buttressed by some strong evidence throughout the book, as well as by two previous volumes edited by him on substantially the same subject: *Federalism and Self-Rule/Shared Rule: Federal Solutions to the Middle East Conflict* (both published in Israel by Turtledove in 1979). The former contains theoretical contributions as well as cases of precedents in the Middle East, along with a lengthy and detailed inventory of arrangements for self-rule and autonomy. The latter contains comparative studies in federal arrangements and possible applications to the Middle East. The volume now reviewed anchors the concept of shared rule in still more profound geographic and social studies of the political context.

Professor Ben-Dor is Pro-Rector of Haifa University where he also teaches Political Science. His books include "The Palestinians and the Middle East Conflict."

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the swastika-dauber or the black community leader who has ridden the civil rights train to success and whose speeches are now filled with uncoiled anti-Jewish, anti-Israel rhetoric; the working-class Archie Bunker or the Protestant minister, no anti-Semite he, who can declare more in sorrow than in anger that "the price of peace may have to be the death of Israel?"

"Stand with me on the corner of Forty-second Street and First Avenue in New York City in front of the United Nations," writes Perlmutter. "Let us watch the diplomats on their way to work. Turbanned men, women in saris, tall Black men and short swarthy men, blond Europeans and yellow Orientals — all well groomed, educated, cosmopolitan diplomats.

"Surely there isn't one among them who is a Klansman. Surely there isn't one who would, under night's cover, furtively sneak onto a Jew's lawn, daub a swastika on his door. But who threatens Jews more ominously — the diplomats who regularly affirm that Zionism is racism, or the juveniles with paint cans?"

This, he says, is the real anti-Semitism. American Jewry, fresh from decades of victories in the fields of civil rights and anti-discrimination legislation, now faces an enemy it scarcely recognizes and hardly knows how to fight.

THE NEW anti-Semitism is an anti-Semitic adversary that equates Zionism with racism, reviles and ostracizes Israel in international forums, and pays cynical obeisance to the power of oil.

Its hand is to be found in the attempts — so far unsuccessful — to destroy the electoral college and thereby blunt the cutting edge of Jewish political power. It is to be found in the "affirmative action"

programmes that have legitimized racial and ethnic criteria for admission to university and hiring at all levels of American society, and gravely endanger the impressive gains made by American Jews.

Perlmutter sees the AWACS battle, when respectable American politicians with good track-record on Israel ruthlessly used the weapon of anti-Semitism against the Jews, as just a warm-up for the battles to come. But the next time that the U.S. and Israel clash on a fundamental issue, the tactics will be dirtier, the accusations of dual loyalty more shrill, and the sense of vulnerability of American Jews greater.

Indeed, Perlmutter sees the issue of Israel and the future of American Jewry as inextricably intertwined. It is here that the new anti-Semites, whatever their regard for Jews as individuals, pose a threat that is "potentially mortal to Israel, potentially maiming to the Diaspora."

WHAT IS to be done? Perlmutter, in this anecdotal, deeply personal book, which would be a fine primer for any Israeli wanting to know what the American Jews are up against, has an answer. He insists that American Jews reassess their situation and their alliances, and be quick, clear-eyed and sophisticated about it. Traditional Jewish allegiance to the political Left needs stringent reappraisal. Having determined their priorities, Jews must come out fighting.

And if that weren't enough, Jews in America must deepen their Jewish commitment and that of their children in order to staunch the flood of assimilation and engender self-confidence at a time when Jews feel increasingly vulnerable.

It's no problem really. The Jews must have to act as smart as every anti-Semite knows they are. □

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NOBODY IS immune to staring at photos. It is as though the eyes by sheer force of concentration are trying to reverse the photographic process: to return a two-dimensional image to its three-dimensional reality, to bring a frozen fraction of a second back to life.

Not long ago I found myself staring shamelessly at a photograph. I couldn't stop. At first I didn't know what to make of it. The leafy scales, the fibrous hairs, and the tear-drop opening in the middle baffled me. I turned the picture over, seeking a caption. When I turned back to the print side with my curiosity satisfied, I was then able to enjoy the beauty of the photograph itself. The asymmetry of the abstract forms and the play of black and white with other-worldly greys in between riveted my eyes to the image in my hands. It was, by the way, a picture of an ant's anus magnified eight hundred times.

It wasn't the ant's ass that particularly fascinated me, but the photograph of an ant's ass. The photograph mesmerized me. To me it was completely original, fresh and unique. In its own small way this photograph was a classic, in the sense that all classic photographs focus the eye of the viewer on images which are removed from their contexts. What people wouldn't even notice in context, they will shamelessly stare at in a photograph.

The Imaginary Photo Museum assembled by "curators" Renate and L. Fritz Gruber is the ideal classic collection. First exhibited at the 1980 Cologne Photokina and now in book form, the "museum" represents perhaps the most popular 457 photographs ever taken from 1836 to the present. These photos are not popular because critics say they are good, but because ordinary people simply enjoy looking at them, so much so that they can't take their eyes off them.

The book is not only a joy to look at but also a lesson, in fact, many lessons. The first is that photographs, more than any other medium of communication, easily

"GOOD HEAVENS, NO!" retorted Margaret Sullivan to the reporter's query, "Who on earth would want to marry Henry Fondas?" A few decades later, Henry Fondas himself was able to answer this question. "I've been married five times and I'm goddamn ashamed of it," Margaret Sullivan was his first wife. The part of best man at his wedding was allotted to such well known show business figures as his son Peter, Kent Smith, Joshua Logan and George Peppard.

Howard Teichmann, collaborator and biographer of George S. Kaufman, has taken Fondas's recorded reminiscences and interspersed them with those of his family, friends and associates to make a book which can best be described as anecdotal.

Henry Fondas belonged to a group of actors that included his good friends, James Stewart and Gary Cooper, who could never be successfully cast as villains, because their integrity was too deeply impressed upon the public consciousness. When, in a spaghetti Western, Fondas was called upon to shoot a small boy dead in cold blood, America couldn't take it and that moment is never shown when the film is screened on television there.

That he also belonged to a group of actors now referred to as legends in their profession was not obvious

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The frozen moment



THE IMAGINARY PHOTO MUSEUM by Renate and L. Fritz Gruber. Harmondsworth, Penguin, 270 pp. No price stated.

David Brauner

traverse time and space. A photograph that only takes a split second to make can conceivably last forever. And because photographs are so easily reproduced in and of themselves, as well as on paper and film, they can be moved from pole to pole and anywhere in between almost instantaneously.

ALL THIS means is that Timothy O'Sullivan's 120-year-old American Civil War photo of dead Union soldiers has the same powerful impact as Robert Capa's 1944 D-Day, despite vastly removed times and places. And Etienne Carjat's 1870 portrait of a stout Rossini's arched smiling eyes is no more distant to today's viewer than Richard Avedon's

Celluloid integrity

FONDA, MY LIFE. As told to Howard Teichmann. New York, New American Library, 399 pp. \$6.50.

Hillel Tryster

until his last few years. On *Golden Pond* made everyone sit up and think that Fondas must be a phenomenon to give such a performance so late in his career.

BORN IN Nebraska in 1905, he began acting when Marlon Brando's mother needed a juvenile for the Omaha Community Playhouse, of which she was one of the founders. When he read his first script he didn't know the difference between dialogue and stage directions. (The problem occurred when he made his first film. Fondas was unable to fathom the purpose of a character named Dolly, who kept on appearing but was never given any lines.)

In 1934 he finally started attracting attention on Broadway, in an edition of Leonard Sillman's *New Faces*. He was then given the lead role in *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, and

was 17 and they were both unknown.

IN HIS Kaufman biography, Teichmann gave us a wonderfully complete account of the Old Curmudgeon's achievements as both playwright and director, so I was a little disappointed not to find a filmography here.

There are, however, compensations. Like the Barrymore brothers and Gary Cooper, Fondas was a gifted artist. During his early career, when he was unable to find employment as an actor, he managed to survive by painting scenery. A few years ago an original Henry Fondas was sold at auction for \$23,000.

It is appropriate that the last image the reader has of Fondas should be one of absolute peace. Margaret Hamilton, who was later immortalized as the wicked witch in *The Wizard of Oz*, was in the Broadway cast of *The Farmer Takes a Wife*. A couple of weeks after the opening she arrived for a matinee about an hour and a half before curtain time. The stage was lit only by a work light, and it was empty until Henry Fondas came on carrying a large number of folded papers. While Miss Hamilton watched, unobserved and enchanted, New York's latest discovery stood, absently flying paper planes into the wings.

□

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The needle

ACUPUNCTURE MEDICINE, Its Historical and Clinical Background by Yoshiaki Omura. Tokyo, Japan Publications, 287 pp. \$29.50.

D'vora Ben Shaul

THE ENDORPHINS, natural pain killers of the body, were only discovered in the latter half of the 20th century. But almost 3,000 years ago acupuncturists in China had learned the secret of their activation. This, at least until now, is the most reasonable explanation offered by modern science to explain how acupuncture works.

And acupuncture does work. Not only millions in the East attest to the efficacy of the system, but today many thousands of Westerners have good reason to bear witness that such varied conditions as arthritis, neuralgia, chronic back pain, headaches, liver disease and obesity can be successfully treated by the insertion of steel needles, less than half a millimetre in diameter, into various sites in the body.

When the first American physicians in recent years visited China in the Sixties they were surprised. First at the modernity and highly advanced medical services, and second, that in the same hospital that was equipped with artificial hearts and kidneys and the most modern types of scanners, acupuncture was still being practised. Not only was it being practised but it was given equal status with what the Westerners thought of as *real* medicine.

When the Western visitors had been around for a while they often became convinced that there was, after all, something in this ancient form of treatment. That in some cases it just might be the treatment of choice. From this group came the first medically trained practitioners of acupuncture medicine in the Western world.

THE WRITER of this impressive and beautifully produced book is a man who might be called Professor Acupuncture himself. Omura has been teaching acupuncture medicine in the U.S. for more than 20 years, and is a world-known authority on the subject. His fine educational background and membership in some of the world's most prestigious societies have served to help convince Western physicians of the validity of the system he teaches.

According to Omura, the best way to use acupuncture is to use it when it is needed. Especially for the relief of pain, either in chronic conditions or following surgery.

Omura also discusses the system of Shi-Atzu (acupressure), often referred to as acupuncture without needles. In one of the many clear diagrams he shows the major pressure points for the emergency relief of pain or for stopping internal bleeding.

He also introduces the reader to reflexology, the diagnosis of physical conditions by feeling certain areas of the feet, and the use of smell, hearing and the visual examination of the palms of the hands and of the fingernails in making a diagnosis.

The book is lavishly illustrated with more than 100 drawings, diagrams and reproductions of ancient charts of the human body, a detailed appendix and a complete bibliography. □

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'Tell me more'



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Human socialist

JEAN LACOUTURE'S powerful biography of Leon Blum, the French Socialist whose Popular Front government achieved worldwide attention in the Thirties, refutes the socialist stereotype. Blum was an intellectual, a persuader, a reasoner who abhorred force. Yet he was able to carve a place for himself in the ruthless world of French politics, and to achieve important goals in difficult circumstances.

Blum considered himself in the great French democratic tradition. It was the tradition of the still uncompleted Revolution of 1789, and socialism would be its crowning glory. His socialism was not the pure, dry dialectic of Marx and Engels. Blum, whose hero was Jean Jaurès, believed that socialism must be leavened with humanity. It meant more than taking over the means of production from the capitalists; the masses must be shown the way to a happier, more productive life. And they must be reoriented into it, not cajoled.

Even when Blum, as prime minister, could dispose of the full force of the French government, he shrank from using it. There was tremendous pressure on him to use force against sit-down strikers occupying factories throughout France, but he refused. Patiently, he worked out agreements with the employers which conceded workers substantial and justified wage increases they should have received years before. The strikers in the factories were in a holiday mood.

The bourgeoisie, who had been in hourly expectation of civil war, were amazed at the workers' naive good humour. Blum gave France the 40-hour work week, two-week paid vacations, and a shake-up at the Bank of France that broke the economic stranglehold of the Two Hundred Families on the French economy. He even created a Ministry of Leisure to help workers learn how to enjoy their new-found free time. Blum gave one of the most rigid, class-ridden societies in Europe a very French kind of élan.

Ever the optimist, he achieved these remarkable successes against a background of disillusion, weariness and fear. He lived and

LEON BLUM by Jean Lacouture. Translated by George Holoch. New York, London, Holmes & Meier. 571 pp. No price stated.

Seymour Geldin

died with the French Third Republic, which was one of the least glorious epochs in French history. The Third Republic was born out of the defeat of the Franco-Prussian War and the smoke of the Paris Commune. It died with the collapse before Hitler's armies in 1940. It was riddled with scandals and corruption almost from the start.

First there was the Panama Canal scandal in the 1880s. Then, there was the Boulanger Affair — a *coup d'état* that almost succeeded. The Dreyfus Affair revealed latent anti-Semitism and military corruption. The Stavisky Affair was the financial sensation of the Thirties. With the Depression, unemployment swelled.

LEON BLUM somehow had the temperament to sustain all this. Tall, always affable, aristocratic gentleman was steeped in French culture. At ten, he could quote from French classics. His classmate was André Gide. Proust and Mallarmé. He contributed articles to *La Revue Blanche*. He wrote theatre criticism, a book about his favourite author, Stendahl, several novels, and a book on marriage. He contributed newspaper articles on socialism till his death. He was a writer, a lawyer, a politician, and a parliamentarian *par excellence*. His credentials as a French intellectual were impeccable.

Perhaps his French credentials were a little too good. Like many Diaspora Jews, he was a little too enthusiastic about the country where he'd been born and grew up, and he came to suffer for it. He was frequently taunted in the Chamber of Deputies because he was Jewish. In 1936, he was attacked on the street and beaten by a rightist mob. He didn't flee in 1940. He was a defendant in a show-trial mounted by the Vichy Government, which tried to establish that he, Daladier and Gamelin had helped cause the dis-

aster of 1940. Two years followed in prison, and another two years in Buchenwald. It was in Buchenwald that Blum first read his "friend" André Gide's viciously anti-Semitic description of him in his 1914 *Journals*. It began, "It is enough for me that the qualities of the Jewish race are not French qualities..." After Blum read this, he murmured quietly, "Even so, I like André Gide very much."

That may have been his tragedy. He was constantly underestimating what his Jewishness meant to others. Like many politicians of the time, he underestimated Hitler. In 1931, he wrote that Hitler was finished. As prime minister, he knew how totally unprepared for war France was, and he sought peace through disarmament talks, which failed.

Blum could be intensely preoccupied with his socialist brothers in the Spanish Civil War to the south but, according to this book, he couldn't muster that much concern for his fellow Jews to the east in Germany. The present biography, for instance, records no comment of his about 17-year-old Herschel Greenspan, whose father was in a concentration camp, and who shot the German diplomat Von Neurath in Paris in 1938 — an event which led to *Kristallnacht*. As for Israel, he saw this country as a dumping ground for Jews in distress. He certainly did not envisage it as a home for himself or any other assimilated Jew in a democratic Western country. Blum died quietly in 1950, survived by his third wife (the first two died), his son and daughter-in-law and his granddaughter.

The appearance of this biography is encouraging. It may indicate that the 40-year-old French trauma has worked itself out, and that the Third Republic, with all its faults, can be faced objectively. Its pages are crammed with names from a dead era of French politics. They busily shape and re-shape governments that fall apart almost as soon as they are formed. Most of them offered nothing and accomplished nothing. But a few of these names still have some resonance: Laval, Petain, Reynaud, Daladier, De Gaulle.

George Holoch's fine translation conveys Lacouture's Gallic balance of reason and passion touched with wit. The best recommendation I can give this work is that sophisticated Léon Blum himself would probably have enjoyed it.

A reader's writer

THE POST occasionally publishes two editorials but it has long given up printing what used to be known around the newsroom as Second Leaders. These were what Graham Greene terms entertainments, the treatment of weighty and less weighty matters in the form of the humorous — and mercifully brief — essay; it was an unwritten rule that Second Leaders were to run to no more than 350 well-chosen words.

The Second Leader has long fallen into a decline, elsewhere as well; the species is virtually extinct and has been replaced by the column, or rather by the columnist who himself fends off extinction through indignation, an endeavour that tends to make the writer all things to all men.

Bernard Levin is one of the few born Second Leader writers still

SPEAKING UP by Bernard Levin. London, Jonathan Cape. 267 pp. £8.50.

Meir Ronnen

extant. While he never makes light of serious matters, he is at his best when stating his reasons for preferring cats to dogs.

This is the latest collection of Levin's columns in *The Times*, more than 50 of them, published over the last decade or so. The opening salvo won me over at once: a deft finger in the collective left eye of a group of Marxist editors and dons who wrote to the press expressing indignation at "sensational journalism" in the matter of *l'affaire Blum*. Levin, years for the days when nobody would have any difficulty in feeling disgust at the revelation of Sir Anthony

Blum's treachery. Like all born Second Leader writers, Levin often begins a piece with a piquant quote from the daily press:

"The owner of a hairdressing salon who punched one of his staff in the face, dragged him across the salon floor and kneed him in the groin, said at an industrial tribunal in Birmingham that he had not dismissed him."

Levin then makes something of knowing when you're not wanted. He also latches onto books; impenetrable concert notes (particularly those that praise Mahler); and plays like *The Caretaker*. In 50 words he manages to express everything you wanted to say about Pinter and didn't dare think. He can also lambast the British Olympic Committee for daring to even think of sending athletes to the Moscow Propaganda Games. Levin has a tin ear for the elegant English sentence. He is a newspaper reader's writer.

Between two hells

THE ORCHIDS by Thomas H. Cook. Boston, Houghton Mifflin. 252 pp. \$12.95.

Esther Hecht

THE FALL of fools is never as interesting as the fall of clever men. How unthinking bureaucrats were caught up in the greatest crime and moral mystery of all time is hardly as absorbing — or enlightening — as how highly intelligent and idealistic people became accomplices.

The Orchids is the fictional journal of the aging Peter Langhof who, as a young doctor, performed medical experiments on concentration camp inmates. Hidden for the rest of his life in a steamy South American republic, he uses diamonds — the gift of a Jew in the Camp — to buy protection for himself and his companion Dr. Ludtz, and ponders his past. In the journal Langhof retraces an unusual spiritual journey and sums up the wisdom gleaned from years of merciless, purgatorial introspection.

Langhof's father, a frustrated middle-class lawyer, "dreamed of the hard muscularity of his Teutonic gods and in his victimized imagination saw himself as a trim steel cylinder of righteousness and knight-errantry." Had he lived till the Nazis came to power, his energy could easily have been harnessed to their cause.

But to the young Langhof, the bright, ambitious medical student embarking on a career as a researcher, the posturing and declamations of the Nazis are ludicrous. "For me [Hitler] was never more than a crude parody of what he thought himself to be, a little hysteric who somehow managed to vitalize the inert mindlessness that surrounded him."

Langhof is also far too clever to be conned by the so-called medical research in support of Aryan supremacy. How then does he become involved in it?

Precisely by refusing to take seriously the buffoons and the pseudo-science of the New Order. This he calls the "catastrophe of the I" — an egocentric blindness to the realities of the times and what they portend. Driven by his own scientific idealism, a more focused and realizable version of his father's fantasies, Langhof rides the wave of the New Order and the ideology of the Final Solution, vainly believing that his contempt for them free him from responsibility. His dream of cleansing the world of disease is hideously mocked by the aim of the Camp: to rid the world of "vermin," to make it *Judenrein*.

LANGHOF'S journal progresses by a series of parallels, shifting back and forth between the Camp and The Republic. Neither place has a precise geographical location; each is a possible state of humanity.

Yet the vivid descriptions of nature in The Republic — the purgatorial heat, the teeming river flowing past Langhof's compound, the habits of the Capuchin monkeys who inhabit the trees just across the river — root the story in the concrete world.

The rich imagery, drawn from the narrator's experience, is a bridge between his past and his present: the river at night is "turbid as spilled blood," the sky is "bleached the colour of living bone."

The repeated juxtapositions of Langhof's two worlds cause them to illuminate each other and, because life in the tropical hell is portrayed so graphically, only a few details are needed to make that other hell — the Camp — come alive. The author seems to have discovered, as he

makes Langhof discover, that the mere accumulation of detail is not the best way of portraying the horror of what one character calls "the suicide of culture... the whole journey of civilization when it passes through its own rectum."

Dramatic juxtapositions also help to define characters. Just as The Republic and its dictator provide ironic contrasts with the Third Reich and its Führer, so Dr. Ludtz — a "Teutonic Falstaff" — is the perfect foil for his companion Langhof.

Ludtz is everyone's quintessential Nazi: only too willing to comply with every ridiculous command; despicable and uncontrolled in defeat; paranoid and grotesquely fearful of death in old age. Though he has returned to religion, he dies unrepentant.

LANGHOF, however, is saved by his failure to find God, by his inability to make an easy peace with himself and by his acceptance of the challenge set by the Jew Ginzburg to always think about the Camp.

Once in his life Langhof experiences an epiphany. Fleeing the burning Camp, dragging Ludtz along with him, Langhof finds himself in a field of snow, in a world of pristine beauty. The scene is a grotesque inversion of the expulsion from Eden.

Langhof's revelation at this moment leads him "to the simple conviction that it is a moral responsibility to be wise." The implications of this insight are the heart of the book; all else is commentary.

The Orchids is an excellent novel both because of and despite the fact that it deals with the Holocaust. Through convincing characterizations and natural dialogue, and without falling back on the rhetoric of evil, the book confronts the gravest ethical questions posed by the Holocaust. At the same time it transcends the historical event, by presenting as universal and enduring the human qualities that lead to damnation and salvation.

Floundering along

A GOOD MAN IN AFRICA by William Boyd. Harmondsworth, Penguin Books. 312 pp. £2.50.

GOD AND MR. GOMEZ by Jack Smith. New York, Franklin Watts. 216 pp. No price stated.

Michelle Cameron

MORGAN LEAFY, the anti-hero of William Boyd's *A Good Man in Africa*, typifies the foolish foreigner. A British official serving in the African country of Kinjanja, he manages to do everything wrong. Touted as an African expert, he flubs every attempt to deal with the natives. Trying to penetrate the psyche of a Kinjanjan politician, Leafy finds himself involved in blackmail and bribery. A failure at everything he touches, this anti-Midas keeps floundering along in the best British manner — a scathing criticism of British officialdom abroad.

This is supposed to be a tremendously funny book. It is certainly sarcastic, and there's some excellent slapstick, but our friend Morgan Leafy comes off looking more foolish than funny. Old Leafy isn't a bad sort, and to watch him sink ever deeper in humiliation troubles rather than titillates. William Boyd ruthlessly implicates Leafy in a variety of difficulties, without allowing him or the reader any let-up. Leafy's ineptness frustrates, and his final decision disappoints. Well-written, with excellent portraits of the main characters, Boyd's novel still lacks the satisfying (not necessarily happy) conclusion that might have justified the book.

JACK SMITH also finds himself in an environment whose values are not his. In this autobiographical story of how he and his wife built a dream home in Mexico, Smith has to learn how to suspend his

American tendency to want everything down on paper, and to accept a man's word instead. Impelled by a new sense of adventure, Smith and his wife purchase a lease on some Mexican land, and hire Romulo Gomez to build them a house there. Gomez then takes over, and builds not the house the Smiths originally stipulated, but a mansion which he feels suits the land. The Smiths learn much about the drawbacks of Mexican standards. The Mexican *manana*, or tomorrow, stretches out the time for building; instead of the initial promised three months, it takes a year. Their American anxieties sometimes disturb Mexican serenity, but the Smiths learn to take things as they come in true Mexican style. And their reward is a beautiful, well-constructed, Mexican-style mansion — a true dream home.

Thoroughbred novel

IN *Banker* by Dick Francis (Michael Joseph, £7.95), the master storyteller romps home an easy winner this time, effortlessly clearing the fences of merchant banking and pharmacology. Tim Ekaterin persuades his colleagues in the City to invest in a stallion that will be the making of a run-down stud farm. Plot development is slow but reassuringly confident, not a bad description, by the way, of Ekaterin who is a refreshing change from Francis's usual handicapped heroes. And, unlike his previous 20 spellbinders, this time the author has produced what is first and foremost a creditable novel. I wouldn't be the least surprised to hear that the thieves who nicked the Aga Khan's Shergar from Co. Kildare's Ballymany Stud last month had found *Banker* to be both an inspiration and a reliable guide.

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